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ATHALIAH.

LONDON:

RICHARD CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

ATHALIAH,

A Sacred Drama.

TRANSLATED FROM RACINÉ:

AND

ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY

THE LATE THOMAS FRY,

OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

LONDON:

J. C. F. & J. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

T. FRY, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

MDCCCXLI.





TO THE READER.

THE following Drama was translated with a view to publication by its Author some years since, which various circumstances, and finally his illness and death, prevented.

His widow and two surviving sons have been recommended to fulfil his intention. Those who have known the deceased will look with a favourable eye upon this effort of his leisure hours; while by others it is hoped that the attempt to present the admired Poem of Racine in the English language will be regarded with kindness.

The Selections which follow are taken from a Poem which the Author left unfinished; and to these are added some other original pieces, composed by him at different times, and on various subjects.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

June, 1841.



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A T H A L I A H,

A Sacred Drama.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JOASH, *King of Judah, Son of Ahaziah.*

JEHOIADA, *the High Priest.*

ZACHARIAH, *Son of Jehoiada and Josabeth.*

ABNER, *one of the principal Officers of the Kings of Judah.*

AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, and three other Chiefs of the Priests and Levites.

MATHAN, *an apostate Priest, worshipper of Baal.*

NABAL, *his Confidant.*

ATHALIAH, *Widow of Jehoram, Grandmother of Joash.*

JOSABETH, *Wife of Jehoiada, Aunt of Joash.*

SALOMITH, *Sister of Zachariah.*

AGAR, *a Woman attending on Athaliah.*

The Nurse of Joash.

A Company of Priests and Levites.

Chorus of young Girls of the Tribe of Levi.

SCENE—*The Temple of Jerusalem. Vestibule of the High Priest's Apartment.*

A T H A L I A H.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ABNER, JEHOIADA.

Abner. Yes, to this holy temple I am come
Th' Eternal to adore ; and celebrate,
(Conforming to our ancient solemn rite,)
The glorious day when from the awe-struck peak
Of Sinai's mount our sires received the law.
Alas ! how changed the time !—The sacred trump,
Of this great day had scarcely hailed the dawn ;
When all the faithful crowded to the gates
Of great Jehovah's fane, which then displayed
On every side its pomp magnificent ;
And orderly before the holy shrine
They bore the first-fruits of their fertile fields,
A sacred offering to Creation's God ;
While priests were wanting to perform the rites.

Th' audacious fury of one female heart
Has changed to gloom these days of heavenly light.
Scarce can an ardent much-diminished band
Of pious worshippers with holy zeal
Dare to retrace some shadow of those times.
The rest in fatal negligence o'erwhelmed,
Forget their fathers' God,—at Baal's shrine
Hasten to learn his shameful mysteries ;
And the great name their sires adored, blaspheme.

Not to conceal from you my inmost thoughts—
I fear lest Athaliah in her rage,
May on your sacred head her vengeance wreak ;
May snatch you from the altar of your God ;
And e'en a feigned respect no longer show.

Jehoiada. Why do these dark forebodings fill your
mind ?

Abner. Think you all just and holy as you are
Unpunished thus to live ? Inveterate hate
Rankles in Athaliah's impious breast,
Against the holy firmness which exalts
The glory of the mitre on your brow.
The love sincere, which, for religion's cause,
You still have cherished, by vile Slander's tongue
Is stigmatized as treason to the state.

The jealous queen, with eyes malignant, views
The virtuous Josabeth your faithful spouse.
If you from Aaron claim your high descent ;
She is the sister of our latest king.

Mathan besides, the sacrilegious priest,
That infamous apostate from our faith,
Of true believers persecutor dire,
More vile than Athaliah,—every hour
Inflames her hatred. Is it not enough,
That, decked in robes idolatrous, to Baal
This son of Levi impious homage pays ?
He hates the temple, and his wrath malign
Burns to destroy what his deluded heart
Has wickedly abjured. No arts he spares
To work your ruin—in deceitful guise
Sometimes he pities you, sometimes with praise
And mildness hypocritical applauds ;—
The blackness of his malice thus he veils.
Now, to the queen he paints you great in power ;
Now, knowing well her avaricious soul
For gold feels thirst insatiate, he pretends
That in recesses known to you alone,
Treasures by royal David long amassed,
You carefully conceal. Two dawns have shone,

And twice has faded evening's lengthening shade,
Since haughty Athaliah has appeared
In gloomy sadness most profoundly plunged.
Her furious eyes I yesterday observed
Darting keen glances towards the sacred fane ;
As if concealed within the holy dome
Th' Almighty had an armed avenger hid
To punish her foul crimes.—Believe me, sire,
The longer I reflect, the more I feel
That soon on you her anger will be hurled ;
And that the bloody child of Jezebel,
Will dare e'en here Jehovah to affront.

Jehoi. He who restrains the fury of the waves,
Can check the impious, and their plots confound.
Meekly submissive to His sacred will,
I fear my God, and know no other fear :
But yet I thank your kind and anxious zeal,
Which views impending danger threaten me.
I see injustice irritates your soul,
And that your heart to Israel's God is true.
For this may His great name be ever praised.
But does this secret wrath, this fruitless zeal,
Cherished in silence,—satisfy your mind ?
Can faith which acts not be a faith sincere ?

Eight years has she, an impious, heathen queen,
Shed with impunity the royal blood ;
Usurped the rights of holy David's throne,
Detested murderess of his infant race ;
And dared against Jehovah to rebel.
And you, a pillar of the tottering state,
In valiant Josaphat's great army bred,
Commander of his son Jehoram's troops ;
You, who our trembling citizens have cheered,
At fierce and furious Jehu's aspect stern,
And Ahaziah's sudden death, alarmed ;—
You say, " I fear the Lord, revere his law."
Respect then his behest by me proclaimed :—
" How unavailing is the show of zeal.
" Think you to honour Me by fruitless vows !
" Say of what value all your sacrifice ?
" Do I the blood of bulls and goats require ?
" That of your kings for vengeance cries in vain.
" Break, break all concord with impiety,
" And purify My people from their crimes ;
" Then come and offer acceptable gifts."

Abner. Alas ! amid a multitude enslaved,
What can my single energy effect ?
Judah is timid—Benjamin dismayed.

The day which saw the royal race expire,

Their subjects' ancient courage overpowered.

"God," they exclaim, "from us withdraws His grace,

"Unmindful of His former fostering care :

"Regardless He beholds our grandeur lost :

"And His long-suffering mercy is no more.

"For us, we see not now His aving hands

"With countless miracles amaze mankind :

"The holy ark, with vows in vain implored,

"No longer guides us by a voice divine."

Jehoi. Oh! say what age has more with wonders
teemed,

When the Almighty more displayed his power ?

Ungrateful people! will ye still be blind ?

Shall the most mighty miracles be wrought,

And your obdurate hearts be faithless still ?

Must I, dear Amon, to your mind recal

E'en in our days the prodigies performed ?

Israel's fell tyrants to destruction hurried,

And all Jehovah's threatenings fulfilled.

The impious Ahab's blood bedews the field

Unjustly from the murdered Naboth seized.

The slanderous Jezebel a victim falls,

Trampled to death by furious Jehu's steeds :

Flows her inhuman blood to slake the thirst
Of dogs which tear her limbs.—The lying band
Of Baal's prophets awe-struck at the flame
By them in vain implored—but promptly sent,
When dread Jehovah's faithful servant prayed.
Even as a monarch to his trembling slaves,
Elijah to the clouds his edict sends :
They form a solid mass, nor drop with rain ;
Nor on the earth does gentle dew distil
For three revolving years.—Elisha's voice,
Benevolently great, revives the dead.

O Abner ! as these marvels strike your soul,
Do you not recognise our Mighty God
Immutable e'en now as heretofore ?
In His own time His glory He displays,
For ever mindful of His chosen race.

Abner. But where those honours promised to our sire,
Great David ! and to Solomon confirmed ?
Alas ! we hoped that from their happy race
A numerous train of monarchs should arise :
That over every nation one of these
Dominion universal should obtain.
That war and discord at his nod should cease ;
And prostrate kings at his tribunal bend.

Jehoi. Why do you doubt the promises of Heaven ?

Abner. Where shall we find this king, great David's son ?

Can Heaven itself a progeny produce ;
When even to the roots the tree is dead ?
The helpless infant strangled by the queen
E'en in the cradle—can he rise again ;
And after eight years fill his father's throne ?
Ah ! if her headlong fury had but erred ;
If from the royal blood one drop escaped !

Jehoi. If it were so ; what then would Abner do ?

Abner. Oh ! day thrice happy for my grateful heart ;
With ardour would I recognise my king !
Doubt not our loyal tribes with eager haste
Would rush before his footstool—but in vain
You flatter me with these delightful thoughts.
Unhappy Ahaziah and his sons
Remained degenerate scions from our stock.
I saw the father pierced by Jehu's shaft,—
You by the mother saw the children slain.

Jehoi. Now I explain no more—but when the sun
Has passed the third part of his glorious course ;
When the third hour has summoned you to prayer,—
Come to the temple warmed with the same zeal

Which now your breast enlivens—God will show
By blessings far beyond your utmost thought ;
His word is sure, His promise never fails.

Farewell—for this great day I must prepare :
E'en now the dawn the temple's summit gilds.

Abner. I know not what the promised blessing
means.—

But see, th' illustrious Josabeth appears.

I leave you to rejoin the faithful band,

Assembled for the solemn festival. [*Exit Abner.*

SCENE II.—*Enter JOSABETH.*

Jehoi. Princess! the time's fulfilled,—we must disclose
Your patriot theft, no longer to be hid.
The guilty pride of dread Jehovah's foes,
Presuming on the slowness of His wrath ;
Has too long dared to doubt His sacred pledge.
Nay more—success their fury has increased.
E'en on our altar Athaliah plans
A sacrifice idolatrous to Baal.
The Prince your hands have rescued let us show.
Under the shadow of Almighty wings

Reared in this temple, courage he'll display
Worthy his noble origin :—his mind,
Precocious, far outstrips his tender age.

Before I promulgate his high descent,
To Him by whom kings reign, I raise my prayer.
Assembling then our Levites and our Priests,
To them their future sovereign I'll disclose.

Josa. Knows he his name, and his high destiny?

Jehoi. He only knows his name Eliakim;
Himself an outcast from his mother deems,
And me his foster father.

Josa. Hapless youth !

Alas ! from urgent danger have I saved,
What dreadful peril threatens him again !

Jehoi. What ! does your feeble faith already doubt ?

Josa. My lord ! to your wise counsel I submit.
From the dread day I saved this child from death
With confidence in you I placed his fate.
And even fearing my too anxious love,
Full oft his presence I denied myself ;
Lest, seeing him, some inadvertent burst
Of grief th' important secret might betray.
Three solemn days, and three successive nights
In prayer and tears, by duty urged, I spent.

But may I ask what friends have you prepared
Ready to second you—will Abner come ;
And fealty to his monarch has he sworn ?

Jehoi. Abner, although his faith is most secure,
Knows not at present that we have a king.

Josa. But to whose trust do you confide the care
Of young Jehoash ? Is this honour due
To Obed or to Ammon ? From my sire
Kindness and favour have they both received.

Jehoi. Devoted both to Athaliah's cause.

Josa. What forces then shall combat with her
guards ?

Jehoi. Have I not said our Levites and our Priests ?

Josa. I know their number carefully concealed,
Is by your foresight doubled—that their souls
Are full of love for you—the guilty queen
Provokes most justly their determined hate.
A solemn oath already keeps them firm
To David's son who is to be revealed.
But yet, whatever ardour fires their minds ;
Can they alone avenge their monarch's cause :
For the great project will their zeal suffice ?
At the first rumour that the rightful heir
Is here concealed—do you not think the queen,

Assembling all her haughty heathen bands,
The temple will surround, and burst the door?
And can your priests against all these contend ;
Who lifting up their guiltless hands to heaven,
Can only pray for, and lament our sins ;
And none but expiating blood have shed :
E'en in their arms perhaps young Joash pierced ?

Jehoi. Count you for nought the God who fights our
cause ;

He who protects the orphan's innocence ;
And makes His mighty power in weakness shine ;
Our God who rule tyrannical detests,
And swore to visit on their guilty heads
Deceitful Jezebel's and Ahab's sins ;
Jehoram, Athaliah's husband, slain,
Almighty vengeance punishes his son ;
God—whose avenging arm suspends the blow,
Which yet on this detested race must fall ?

Josa. I fear for my unhappy brother's son
Heaven's wrath severe against these wicked kings.
Perhaps Almighty wisdom from his birth
This child to share their punishment decreed.
Or will the Lord by special grace preserve,
For David's sake, this child in guilt conceived ?

Ah! at the dreadful state in which I found
Th' unconscious babe, remembrance shudders still.
With murdered princes was the chamber filled:
The ruthless queen,—a dagger in her hand,—
Her cruel soldiers to the carnage urged;
And followed close upon their bloody steps.
I saw the helpless infant left for dead;
Methinks I still behold his frantic nurse
Prostrate in vain before the murderers' feet,
Holding him feebly clinging to her breast.
Besmeared with blood I snatched him—on his face
Trickled my tears—the frightened babe revived,
And with his little arms from fear or love
I felt myself embraced. Merciful God!
Let not my love prove fatal to the child.
This precious relic of the faithful David,
Bred in Thy temple, nurtured in Thy love,
No other father does he know but Thee.

If, at the thought of the approaching strife
Against a murderous queen, my feeble faith
Is timid, and frail human nature's throes
Have too much influence on the tears I shed;
This object of Thy sacred promise save;
And for my weakness punish me alone!

Jehoi. My Josabeth! your tears are innocent ;
But on His kind paternal care God wills
His creatures to rely—nor does He hurl,
With vengeance indiscriminate, His wrath
On pious sons to punish guilty sires.
The faithful remnant of the Hebrew tribes
This day approach their humble vows to pay.
The race of David is as much beloved
As that of Jezebel with hate is shunned.
The noble modesty of David's heir,
Which shews the lustre of his high descent,
Will touch their loyal hearts ; and God Himself
Will sanction my endeavours by His voice
Felt in His temple in their inmost soul.

Two faithless kings by turns have braved His power ;
Now must a prince to David's throne be raised,
Who may remember with a grateful soul,
That the Almighty by His servants' hands
Restored him to his lawful heritage ;
From the dark regions of the grave brought forth
David's extinguished lamp to re-illuminate.

If Thy all-seeing wisdom, gracious God !
Beholds this child unworthy of his race,
And not of David a successor meet ;

Let him become like fruit untimely plucked,
Or nipped in blooming by pestiferous winds.
But if, obedient to Thy laws divine,
He lives submissive to Thy wise decree,
May the just heir again the sceptre wield,
His mighty foes crush by my feeble hands.
Confound the counsels of the cruel queen;
Oh! deign on her, and her apostate priest,
To send the lying spirit which precedes
The fatal fall of kings idolatrous.

Adieu! the time is waning—let your son,
With his fair sister, hither lead the train,
The virgin daughters of the sacred line.

[*Exit Jehoiada.*

SCENE III.—*Enter ZACHARIAH, SALOMITH, and the*

CHORUS.

Josa. My Zachariah! do not linger here,
But follow, and assist your sacred sire.

[*To the Chorus.*

Daughters of Levi!—young and faithful band,
Warmed in your early years by holy zeal,
Who come so oft my tears and sighs to share;

Ye who alone can solace my distress ;
These garlands, which your tender hands have wreathed,
These flowers, which bloom upon your youthful heads,—
Once did our pompous festivals adorn :
But in this time of grieving and reproach,
Alas ! what meeter offering than our tears ?

I hear,—I hear the sacred trumpet's sound ;
Soon will the temple gates be open thrown ;
Whilst I prepare to join the holy train,
Chant forth the praises of the God you serve.

All the Virgins sing.

The universe is with His grandeur filled ;
For ever praise the Lord, adore His sacred name ;
The world obeyed His law before the birth of time.

His benefits, His praises, let us sing.

A single voice.

Malignant violence in vain
Would awe to silence those who love the Lord.
The universe is with His grandeur filled :

His benefits, His praises, let us sing.

Chorus.

The universe is with His grandeur filled :
His benefits, His praises, let us sing.

A single voice.

He gives the flowers their lovely hues;
He forms and ripens cooling fruits :
In just proportion He bestows
Day's genial warmth, and night's refreshing dews :
Nor is the field ungrateful for the gift.

Another voice.

He bids the glorious sun all nature cheer ;
The lovely light His hand bestows.
But still His pure and holy law
Is the most precious boon to mortals given.

Another.

O Sinai's mount !—the memory preserve
Of that renownèd, ever awful day,
When on thy lofty peak enflamed,
Israel's Almighty Lord, in darkness hid,
Sent forth one ray which dazzled mortal eyes !
And why those lightnings, why that fire,
Those clouds of smoke, that dreadful crash,—
Thunder and trumpet's clang ?
Comes He the laws of nature to subvert ?
E'en from her lowest depths,
Comes He to shake the earth ?

Another.

He comes to Israel's faithful sons, to show
The light immortal of His precepts pure :

E'en to His chosen race He comes,
To bid them love Him with eternal love.

Chorus.

O divine, O heavenly law !

Goodness, beneficence supreme !

What tender ties, what pleasure unalloyed,
To Israel's God engage our love and faith !

A single voice.

He saved our fathers from a cruel yoke,
With food delicious in the desert fed :
He gives us laws, reveals to us Himself ;
And for such blessings only asks our love.

Chorus.

O goodness, clemency supreme !

The same voice.

The sea, divided, gave a path secure ;
Forth from the arid rock the waters gushed :
He gives us laws, reveals to us Himself ;
And for such blessings only asks our love.

Chorus.

O divine, O heavenly law !
Goodness, beneficence supreme !
What tender ties, what pleasure unalloyed,
To Israel's God engage our love and faith !

A single voice.

Ye who feel nothing but a servile fear,
Ungrateful !—cannot your obdurate hearts
Melt at the goodness of your gracious Lord ?
Is it so hard, so painful Him to love ?
The outraged slave his cruel master fears ;
But love should animate the children's hearts.
You pray that God would fill your cup of bliss :
Can you refuse to love Him ?

Chorus.

O divine, O heavenly law !
Goodness, beneficence supreme !
What tender ties, what pleasure unalloyed,
To Israel's God engage our love and faith !

ACT II.

SCENE I.—JOSABETH, SALOMITH, *the* CHORUS.

Josa. Enough, my daughters,—here suspend your
songs,

And let us haste to join the public prayers :
This holy festival claims honour due ;
Let us in turn before the Lord appear.—

SCENE II.—*Enter* ZACHARIAH.

What do I see?—My son ! why hasten back,
Thus pale and breathless ;—whither dost thou run ?—

Zach. Oh, mother !—

Josa. Speak !—

Zach. The temple is profaned !—

Josa. What say'st thou ?—

Zach. And the holy altar left !—

Josa. I shudder with alarm :—haste, haste ! explain !

Zach. Obedient to the law, the sacred priest,

My honoured father,—to Creation's God
(Who feeds the creatures which his hand has formed,)
Had humbly offered the first-fruits of corn ;
And with his blood-stained hands the entrails warm
Of the peace-offering had prepared to place
In order on the altar ;—by his side
The young Eliakim attendant stood
With me in flowing linen vestments clad.
Then, whilst with holy blood the priest asperged
The altar and the people—murmurs rose,
And all the congregation with surprise,
And awe-struck minds, a spectacle beheld ;—
A woman !—whom 'tis blasphemy to name,
A woman !—Athaliah !—

Josa.

Oh ! just Heaven !—

Zach. Within the entrance to her sex forbade,
This impious queen approached with haughty mien,
And was preparing to infringe the bounds
E'en of the sacred circle set apart
For Levi's sons, who at the altar wait.
The trembling people fled from every part ;
But from my father's eyes what anger flashed !
Less terrible to Egypt's hardened king
Appeared great Moses, when he firmly stood

Vicegerent of the dread Jehovah's wrath.

"Queen!" he exclaimed, "hence,—quit this sacred spot;

"Thy sex, but more thy impious faith, forbids

"Admission here—of the one living God

"Com'st thou the mighty majesty to brave?"

The queen, with angry glances at my sire,

Prepared to utter words of dire intent;

I know not if she saw with glittering sword

A mighty angel threaten,—but her tongue

That instant its dread utterance refused;

And all her boldness to dejection fell.

On young Eliakim her wildered eyes

With mute alarmed inquiring gaze were fixed.

Josa. Say, has she seen Eliakim?—

Zach.

We both

Looked at the cruel queen with equal dread;

But soon the priests withdrew us from the place.

The rest I know not; but have hither run

The tumult to relate.—

Josa.

Ah! from our arms

With rage remorseless she the child will tear;

Him has her fury at the altar sought.

O God! who seest my woes, remember David!

Salom. Who is this loved one, whom you thus bewail

Zach. Does danger threaten my companion's life ?

Salom. Can he have kindled Athaliah's wrath ?

Zach. Who can a weak defenceless orphan fear ?

Behold the queen !—away, we must avoid her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter ATHALIAH, AGAR, ABNER, and Attendants.*

Agar. Why will your majesty still tarry here,
Where every object irritates your mind ?
Leave to the priests the temple where they dwell ;
Fly to the silence of your inmost courts ;
And calm your agitated mind to peace.

Atha. Some power forbids me,—you my weakness see ;
To Mathan fly—tell him with utmost speed
To hasten hither—Oh ! could I but find
That peace, that happy peace I once enjoyed,
Which now for ever shuns my longing grasp !

[*Exit Agar.*

SCENE IV.

Abner. O queen, forgive me, if I dare defend
The zeal of the high priest though seeming harsh ;
Such are the orders of the God we serve.
His holy temple, and His altar's rites

With laws immutable Himself has fixed.—
To Aaron's sons the sacrificial rites;—
To Levi's both their office and their place;—
And above all, by prohibition strict
With other gods society forbade.
And you, a royal mother, 'mongst your sons
So much a stranger that you know it not!
But Mathan comes—permit me to withdraw.

Atha. Abner, your longer presence I command;
Of the priest's rashness let us talk no more;
And the long train of superstitious laws
Which shuts your temple 'gainst all gentile tribes.

A theme of interest my fears excite.
I know that, trained in arms from early youth,
Great Abner's heart is noble, and he pays
To God and to his sovereign honour due:—
Remain then.—

SCENE V.—*Enter MATHAN.*

Mathan. Mighty Queen!—why linger here,
What fear alarms, what terror chills your soul?
Amongst your foes whom come you here to seek;
And why approach this temple's porch profane?
Is in your mind that ardent hatred quenched?

Atha. Both mark my words in mute attention wrapped.
The past I will not to your minds recall ;
Nor justify the homicides I wrought.
What I have done I thought it right to do.
The judgment of the people I despised,
Though they proclaimed my deeds—yet Heaven itself
Seemed to approve, and crown me with success.

My power established—Athaliah's fame
Has reached the shores e'en of the utmost sea.
A peace profound Jerusalem enjoys ;—
Jordan no longer sees the wandering tribes
Of Ishmael's race ; nor proud Philistia's sons,
With war incessant, ravage all his banks.—
The Syrian hails me queen and sister too.

That base destroyer of my father's house,—
Who e'en on me his barbarous rage would hurl,—
Proud Jehu trembles in Samaria's land,
On all sides bounded by a mighty king
Whose power I raised th' assassin's hand to check,
And leave me sole and sovereign mistress here.

The fruits of which I then in peace enjoyed ;
But now an anxious, an intrusive fear
Sullies the brightness of my blissful days :—
A dream—and must a dream my mind disturb ?—

Brings to my trembling heart corroding care.
Still as I shrink the vision does pursue.

At midnight's dark and gloomy hour with dread
My mother Jezebel methought I saw,
As on her death-day, pompously arrayed :
Nor had her sorrows lessened aught her pride.
Still bloomed the borrowed blush her hand had spread,
To deck her withered countenance, and hide
With a vain care the wreck of ruthless time.
"Tremble,—my worthy daughter!" she exclaimed ;
"Israel's stern God against thee too is armed ;
"Into His awful hands I dread thy fall,
"O daughter !"—As thus awfully she spoke,
And o'er my couch her shade appeared to lean,
Which I with outstretched arms would have embraced,
Oh, horror!—in my shuddering grasp I held
Nought but a mass corrupting as it seemed
All bruised and stained—her garments sanguine dyed,
And shattered limbs o'er which with savage howl
Carnivorous hounds in combat fiercely strove.

Abner. Almighty Power!—

Atha. 'Midst this terrific scene,
A youth appeared in robe of brilliant hue,
Such as the Hebrew priests are wont to wear.

The sight revived my horror-stricken soul;
But whilst recovering from my fatal fright,
His sweetness I admired, his noble air—
Sudden I felt, raised by his treacherous hand,
A murderous weapon in my bosom plunged !

Perhaps so many objects, strangely mixed,
May to your view appear the work of chance.
For some short time I of my fear ashamed,
Believed my mind, with murky vapours filled,
Had formed these phantasies;—but in my heart
The sad remembrance is too surely fixed.
Twice, the same phantom in my sleep I've seen ;
Twice have my tearful eyes the features traced
Of that same child prepared my breast to pierce.

Fatigued with horrors which I could not shun,
Baal I sued to watch my anxious life,
And at his altar's foot repose I sought :
What cannot fear effect on mortal minds ?

Instinct impelled me to Jehovah's fane,
Hoping his dreaded vengeance to appease,
And mitigate with gifts his mighty wrath :
Whoe'er this God, propitious may he prove !
You, Baal's priest, my weakness must excuse.
I came—the people fled—the offering ceased—

The angry priest towards me bent his steps,
And whilst he spake,—O horror! O surprise!
I saw the child!—the threatened vengeance saw,
Such as depicted in my dreadful dream!
Yes, him I saw!—his look, his linen garb,
His gait, his eyes, his features all the same,
His very self!—Beside the priest he stood,
But from my sight he quickly disappeared.
This subject rivets here my lingering steps.
Let your united counsel ponder this :

Mathan! what presage does the vision show ?

Mathan. Sad the recital, horrible the dream!

Atha. But Abner! have not you the child beheld?
Who is he?—from what tribe,—what parents sprung?

Abner. Two children at the altar lent their aid;
One the priest's son, his mother Josabeth:
The other is unknown.—

Mathan. Why hesitate?
My royal mistress must secure them both ;
My feelings for Jehoiada you know ;
I seek not vengeance for his injuries,
And justice in my counsels still has reigned.
But even were he judge, and his own son
The culprit, yet the guilty wretch must die.

Abner. What crime can such a tender child commit?

Mathan. Heaven has declared him armed with deadly steel,—

Heaven wise and just, which nothing does in vain.

Why further seek?—

Abner. But for fantastic dreams,

Would you in guiltless blood your hands embrue?

You know not yet his lineage,—his descent,—

Or who he is.—

Mathan. Enough that he is feared.—

If from renowned parents he descend,

His birth illustrious hastens on his fate;—

If midst the vulgar race his lot be cast,

What matters it if mean blood flow in vain.

Must kings by tardy justice be withheld?

Their safety oft depends on action prompt.

Let us not straiten them by scruples vain:—

When once suspected, none to them is pure.

Abner. What, Mathan! this the language of a priest?

'Mid horrid war and carnage bred, severe,

And prompt to execute my sovereign's will,—

To succour innocence I raise my voice;—

And you, whose bowels should with pity yearn,

Of peace the herald when contentions rise,—
Covering your rage with ill-pretended zeal,
Would urge increase of sanguine stream to flow.

O queen ! without disguise you bid me speak ;
What is the mighty object of your fear ?
A child,—a feeble child,—whom from your dream
Perhaps you only thought you recognised.

Atha. Fain would I think so, Abner, and believe
Myself too much affected by a dream.
Again more closely I must view this child,
And all his features at my leisure trace
Let both the youths be brought.—

Abner. O queen ! I fear.

Atha. Shall not my royal orders be obeyed ?
What causes this capricious negligence ?
Suspensions hitherto unfelt arise.
Hither the high priest or his spouse must lead
Without delay the children.—As a queen
I can, and when I please, I will command.

Abner, I know your priests have cause to praise
My royal bounty,—though they raise their voice
With speech licentious both against my power
And conduct,—yet their temple stands secure,
And still they live in safety—but I feel

That soon my patience will endure no more.
Let the high priest his furious zeal restrain,
Nor dare again affront his queen !—Depart.

[*Exit Abner.*]

SCENE VI.

Mathan. Now I can speak with freedom, and display,
In its full lustre, truth before your eyes :
A rising prodigy this temple rears.
O queen !—delay not till the storm shall burst.
Abner has won the high priest to his will.
You know his hatred to the royal race.
Perhaps upon their throne the priest will seat
This child, of whom Heaven warns you in your dream,
Whether his son or not.—

Atha. You counsel well.
The kind monition I more clearly see ;
But wish entirely to dissolve my doubts.
A child his thoughts with difficulty hides,
A word his secret feeling may betray.
Let me, dear Mathan, see and question him.
Meanwhile return, and quietly command
My faithful Tyrians to prepare their arms.

[*Exit Mathan.*]

SCENE VII.—*Enter JOASH, JOSABETH, ZACHARIAH, ABNER, SALOMITH, two LEVITES, and the CHORUS.*

Josa. (to the two Levites.) O holy ministers, with
anxious care

These dear, these precious children strictly guard!

Abner. Princess!—be tranquil; I will guard the youths.

Atha. O Heavens!—the more I look, the more I fear!

'Tis he!—and as I gaze, I shudder still!

[*Pointing to Joash.*

Wife of Jehoiada! is this your son?—

Josa. This, mean you?—

Atha. No, his young companion there.

Josa. Not *that*, but *this* child claims a mother's love.

[*Pointing to Zachariah.*

Atha. (to Joash.) Young boy! inform me who and
what you are.—

Josa. Heaven hitherto—

Atha. Why, with such eager haste

Prevent his answer? let him speak himself.

Josa. What information can you hope to gain

From his so tender age?—

Atha. Guileless that age,

Nor practised cunningly the truth to hide.

Of what concerns him let him simply tell.

Josa. Hislips, great God ! with Thy own wisdom guide !

Atha. What is your name ?—

Joash. I'm called Eliakim.

Atha. Your sire ?—

Joash. Alas ! I am an orphan boy,

As I am told, cast even from my birth,

Under the care of Him who cares for all ;

And never have I either parent known.

Atha. You have no parents, then ?

Joash. They left me, queen.

Atha. How, and since when ?

Joash. E'en from my very birth.

Atha. Or is it known where first you drew your
breath ?

Joash. This temple is the fatherland to me.

Atha. Where say they fate first caused you to be
found ?

Joash. 'Midst ravening wolves all ready to devour.

Atha. Who brought you to this place ?—

Joash. A female stranger,—

Her name she told not, and was seen no more.

Atha. But who the guardian of your tender years ?

Joash. Does God e'er leave his children in distress ?

He gives the little feathered tribes their food,

And over all His works His mercy shines.
To Him I daily pray, and His kind care
Supports me from the holy altar's gifts.

Atha. What prodigy my troubled soul alarms !
His youth, his elegance, his dulcet voice
Cause imperceptibly my hate to yield,
And pity's kind emotions to succeed.

Abner. O Queen ! you see this dreadful enemy
Dispersing all your dream's deceitful gloom.
Instead of murderous steel from infant hands,
Your breast is only by compassion touched.

Atha. (to *Joash* and *Josabeth*.) You leave me, then.

Josa. His fortune you have heard ;
His presence might at length be troublesome.

Atha. Not so—return— how do you spend the day ?

Joash. I praise the Lord, I learn His sacred Law ;
In His most Holy Book am taught to read,
And to transcribe it lately have begun.

Atha. And what does this Law teach you ?

Joash. That the Lord
Requires His creatures' love ; that soon or late
Blasphemers shall His dreadful vengeance feel ;
That He the trembling orphan will defend,
Resist the proud, and pierce the murderer's heart.

Atha. I comprehend—but all the numerous train
Who here reside,—how do they pass their time?

Joash. They praise and bless their great and glorious
God.

Atha. But does their God incessant worship ask?

Joash. No worldly business is permitted here.

Atha. What pleasures taste you?

Joash. For the reverend priest
Incense or salt I at the altar place.

In solemn chants I hear God's grandeur sung;
And view the pompous ceremonial rites.

Atha. What! this your most delightful pastime here?
Of such a child I pity the sad fate.

Come to my palace, there my glory see.

Joash. Shall I forget the mercies of my God?

Atha. Oh no! I will not teach you to forget.

Joash. You do not pray to God.—

Atha. But you may still.

Joash. But I should see another god adored.

Atha. I serve my God, and you may serve your own;
They both are powerful.

Joash. I the Lord must fear,
For He alone is God, and yours is naught.

Atha. A crowd of pleasures shall attend your steps.

Joash. Transient the pleasures which the wicked taste.

Atha. Who are the wicked?

Joash. Queen! excuse a child.

Atha. (to *Josabeth.*) I like to see the fruits of your kind care.—

(To *Joash.*) Eliakim!—your conduct gains my love;

For doubtless you are not a common child.

I reign without an heir to fill my throne.

Throw off that dress; leave this degrading life:

This very day my promise you shall claim;—

At my own table seated by my side,

I vow to treat you as my son and heir.

Joash. Your son!—

Atha. Yes, why this silence? I have said

Joash. Oh! what a father should I leave, and what—

Atha. Speak freely, child.

Joash. A mother should I find!

Atha. Faithful his memory, and in all his words

I recognise his able tutor's mind.

Behold! how tainted is his innocence.

You both employ the peace my rule secures

To stimulate these children to detest,

And only linked with horror use my name.

Josa. Can we conceal the story of our woes,
Known to the world, and vaunted by yourself?

Atha. Yes!—the revenge of which I justly boast
Has to my parents' shades their children slain.
I saw my father and my brother fall;
My mother hurled from off her palace roof;
And seventy royal children—dreadful sight!—
In one day massacred;—and for what end?—
To expiate some fanatic prophet's death,
Whose headlong fury had provoked her wrath.

And I, a heartless queen, a friendless child,
Slave to compassion frivolous and weak,
Could I do less than render death for death,
Outrage for outrage;—and make David's race
Feel all that Ahab's wretched sons had felt?
What had I been, if, bursting nature's ties,
I had not stifled all a mother's throes?
If my own hand, bathed in my children's blood,
Had not by this bold deed destroyed your plots?

The vengeance unappeased of your God
A barrier insurmountable has placed
Between our nations.—David's name I hate;
And all his progeny—though my own blood
Flows in their veins—are strangers still to me.

Josa. You have succeeded, may God see and judge.

Atha. How of that God, your only refuge called,
Have all the grand predictions been fulfilled ?
Let Him this promised Monarch, your vain hope,
This long-expected child of David,—give.
But we shall meet again ;—I go content :
I wished to see him—I have seen.—Adieu.

[*Exit Athaliah.*

Abner (to Josabeth.) My promise is fulfilled ; I here
restore
The precious charge confided to my care.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter JEHOIADA, ZACHARIAH, SALOMITH,
LEVITES, and the CHORUS.*

Josa. (to Jehoiada.) Heard you the haughty tyrant's
threats, my lord ?

Jehoi. I heard them all, and pitied your dismay.
These faithful Levites, ready to assist,
Resolved with me to succour you, or die.
(*To Joash, embracing him.*) Brave child ! may God for
ever guard your life,

Who to His name has dauntless witness borne !
For this important service, Abner, thanks ;
Be not forgetful of the appointed hour.
And we whose eyes are scathed, and prayers disturbed
By this iniquitous and murderous queen,
Let us re-enter, and with holy blood
Cleanse e'en the marble that her steps have pressed.

SCENE IX.—CHORUS.

A single voice.

What brilliant star bursts on our sight ?
What future fame awaits this wondrous child ?
The pomp of luxury he braves ;
Nor can its dangerous arts seduce.

Another voice.

Whilst all, with eager haste, approach
To Athaliah's idol-shrine ;—
A child undauntedly proclaims
That he will worship God alone.

We hear Elijah speak again
Another Jezebel to shame.

Another voice.

Who shall thy wondrous noble birth disclose,
Dear child ! art thou from some great prophet sprung ?

Another voice.

Thus did the infant Samuel grow
Beneath the tabernacle's shade ;
The hope, the oracle of Israel's sons !
Mayest thou like him the Hebrew race console !

Another voice.

O happy, happy child,
By Abraham's God beloved !
Who early hears His voice,
And whom the Lord Himself vouchsafes to teach
Far from the world ; with Heaven's most precious gifts
E'en from his birth endowed ;
Nor does the taint of wicked breath
Infect his innocence.

Chorus.

O blest ! thrice blest the infancy
Taught and defended by the Lord !

The same voice.

Thus in a secret vale,
Laved by a limpid stream,
From northern blasts secure,
Blooms a young lily,—Nature's joy,—
Far from the world ; with Heaven's most precious gifts
E'en from his birth endowed ;
Nor does the taint of wicked breath
Infect his innocence.

Chorus.

Blest, blest a thousand times, the child
Made by the Lord obedient to His laws !

A single voice.

Great God ! how must his youthful virtue walk
With tottering steps 'mid perils thick beset !
How many obstacles the soul surmount
That would be innocent, and seek Thy way !
How many enemies attack !
Where can Thy saints for shelter fly ?
Sinners possess the earth.

Another voice.

Palace of David!—City most beloved!
O holy mount! where God delights to dwell;
How hast thou drawn on thee the wrath of Heaven!
Sion! dear Sion! how must thou lament,
When thou an impious stranger shalt behold
Seated, alas! upon thy monarch's throne!

Chorus.

Sion! dear Sion! how must thou lament,
When thou an impious stranger shalt behold
Seated, alas! upon thy monarch's throne!

The same voice continues.

Where erst, in his melodious heavenly strains,
David his holy joy to thee expressed,
'And blessed his God, his Father, and his King,
Sion! dear Sion! how wilt thou lament,
When thou the idol-worship shalt behold,
And hear blasphemed the name thy kings adored.

A single voice.

How long! O gracious Lord! how long
Against Thee shall the wicked rage;
E'en in Thy temple brave Thy power,
And Thy true worshippers despise?

How long ! O gracious Lord ! how long
Against Thee shall the wicked rage ?

Another voice.

“ Of what avail,” they cry, “ your rigid rules ;
“ And why the use forbid
“ Of pleasures all so sweet ?
“ Or what enjoyment does your God provide ?”

Another.

“ Laugh, sing !” this impious troop exclaim ;
“ From flower to flower, from joy to joy,
“ Let 's satiate our desires :
“ Fools only think of future bliss :—
“ Doubtful the number of our transient hours :—
“ Hasten to-day to taste the sweets of life ;—
“ Who can to-morrow claim ?”

Chorus.

Let the ungodly, who shall ne'er behold
With endless light Thy Holy City shine,
Bewail their loss, and shudder with dismay.
But we to whom Thy favour has revealed
Th' immortal splendour of Thy heavenly truth ;
'Tis ours to chant Thy grandeur, and Thy gifts.

A single voice.

Of all the guilty joys their revels bring
What fruit remains ?—E'en the remembrance wild
Of those who starting wake, with horror filled,
From a fantastic and deceitful dream.

Whilst at Thy table humble souls
Of peace ineffable shall taste :—
They from the dreadful cup shall drink
Exhaustless, with Thy fury filled
For all the guilty race.

Chorus.

O waking full of horror !
O dream confused and transient !
O dark and dangerous error !

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MATHAN, NABAL, *the* CHORUS.

Mathan. Ye virgins haste, to Josabeth announce,
That for a private conference Mathan comes.

One of the Chorus. Mathan!—O God of Heaven his
schemes confound !

Nabal. See, they disperse, and flee without reply.

Mathan. Let us approach.

SCENE II.—*Enter* ZACHARIAH.

Zach. Rash man!—where would you pass ?
Beware of trenching on these holy bounds,
Th' appointed dwelling of the pious priests,
From touch profane kept sacred by our laws.
Whom do you seek ?—My sire on this great day
Of foul idolaters the sight avoids ;

And, prostrate at the altar of the Lord,
My mother dreads disturbance in her prayers.

Mathan. Cease your alarm, young man, we'll tarry
here—

'Tis your illustrious mother I would see ;
A message from the queen to her I bring.

[*Exit Zachariah.*]

SCENE III.

Nabal. Their children have their haughty bearing
learned ;

But what of Athaliah the commands ?

Why in her councils does confusion rise ?

This morning, by the haughty high priest braved,

Scared in her dream by an assassin child—

Jehoiada, a victim to her wrath,

To fall she had decreed ; and in this fane

Great Baal to enshrine, and you his priest.

To me the joyful tidings you had told,

And in the booty I had hoped to share.

Why are her vacillating wishes changed ?

Mathan. The queen, my friend, is altered much of late ;
No more I see her,—keen, intrepid, prompt ;—

Feeling the value of an instant lost ;
With sudden stroke o'erwhelming every foe ;
Surmounting all her sex's timid fears.
But vain remorse corrodes her noble soul,
She wavers—hesitates—in short is woman !
With gall and bitterness I oft had filled
Her heart, with Heaven's alarming threatenings
struck :

To me she trusted her revengeful schemes ;
Bade me with care assemble all her guard.

But whether this young boy before her led,
(Unhappy outcast from his parents called,)
Has of her dream diminished the affright ;
Or that she sees in him some nameless charm—
I find her anger wavering, and her mind
Procrastinates its schemes of dire revenge.
Her projects seem each other to destroy.
“ Of this young boy the destiny is known,
“ His ancestors are vaunted,”—thus I spake ;
“ At intervals the high priest brings him forth
“ To factious eyes displayed—teaches the Jews
“ In him a second Moses to expect ;
“ And by pretended oracles supports.”
With anger at my words her visage glowed ;

Ne'er had successful lie a surer aim.

Quick she exclaimed—"And shall I dally thus?

"Let me shake off these hesitating doubts;

"To Josabeth this edict straight pronounce—

"The fires are kindling, and the sword unsheathed;

"Nought can their temple from destruction save;

"Unless the boy they for a hostage give."

Nabal. And for a child before to them unknown,
Whom chance perhaps has thrown into their arms,
Would they behold their hallowed fane destroyed?

Mathan. The proudest of all mortals learn from me
Rather than give into my hands a child
Devoted first by him to Israel's God;
The stubborn priest Jehoiada prefers
To undergo the most terrific death.
Most evident their fondness for this boy.

If I the queen's narration understood,
More of his birth than he has yet disclosed
Jehoiada can tell—whoe'er he be,
To them I trust a fatal snare he'll prove:
They will not part with him—the rest is mine.
This hated temple I shall yet behold
In ruin laid, by circling flames consumed,
And all its inmates by the sword destroyed.

Nabal. Why does such hate inveterate fill your mind ?
Are you transported by your zeal for Baal ?
You know that I, from Ishmael's children sprung,
Serve neither Israel's nor Chaldæa's God.

Mathan. And can you think, my friend, that aught
like zeal

For a vain idol thus bedims my sight ;
A piece of fragile wood which worms destroy
On its own altar, spite of all my care ?
E'en in this very temple I was born ;
I served the God whose rites are here performed ;
And here perhaps should venerate him still ;
If love of grandeur, and desire of power
Could with His rigid servitude agree.

O Nabal ! must I to your mind recall
The ardent contest 'twixt the priest and me
For the high office which he here enjoys ?
My schemes, my strife, my sorrow, my despair !
Vanquished by him—I took another course ;
And all my soul devoted to the court.
Insensibly I won the ear of kings :
And my advice oracular was deemed.
Their hearts I studied—flattered their caprice,
And hid their dangerous path with blooming flowers.

Nought but their will was sacred in my sight.
At their dictation right and wrong were changed ;
And sweet was bitter called, and bitter sweet.
Then as my rival's bold unflinching air
Wounded the softness of their flattered ear ;
So by my dexterous adulation charmed ;
I hid the truth which might their sight offend ;
Veiling their fury in a soften'd light.
Without remorse the blood of wretches flowed.

At length by Athaliah's edict rose
To the new god which she had introduced,
A temple—and Jerusalem beheld
With tears her holy precincts thus profaned.
In consternation Levi's children raised
Their sad bewailings towards the vault of Heaven.
I, first of all the timid Hebrew race,
Their law deserted—sanctioned the new rites—
And thus of idol Baal I obtained
The priesthood, whilst my rival feared my power
Equal in rank—my brow with mitre crowned.

Though my ambition has attained its height,
Yet busy memory's voice still unsubdued,
Recalls the terrors of my father's God ;
That thought both feeds and animates my rage.

Oh ! that His temple I could overthrow,
And prove Him powerless to defend His cause !
And midst the wreck, the murders, and the spoil,
By violence might banish my remorse !
But Josabeth appears.—

SCENE IV.—*Enter JOSABETH.*

Mathan (to Josabeth.) Sent by the queen
To re-establish peace, and banish hate,
Princess ! by Heaven endowed with temper mild,
Be not astonished that to you I speak.
Of dangerous plots your consort was accused :
A rumour, though I trust on falsehood based,
Corroborating all her dream had shown,
Would soon on his devoted head have poured
Of Athaliah's wrath the swelling tide.
I do not wish to boast—my injured soul
Forgets not the injustice it has borne—
But good for evil should be always paid.

To you, in short, I came with words of peace—
In quiet solemnize your festivals—
Live undisturbed—one only pledge the queen
Of loyalty and just obedience claims :

'Tis—to dissuade her I have laboured hard—
That orphan child whom here she has beheld.

Josa. Eliakim?—

Mathan. On her account I feel
Ashamed that she should still so much rely
On a vain dream—but you declare yourselves
Her mortal foes, unless you yield the child
Without delay.

Josa. Is this the peace she sends?

Mathan. Can you a moment's hesitation feel?
Is it too much to win her for your friend
By such a trifling act of complaisance?

Josa. I doubted whether, casting off disguise,
Mathan had felt compunction touch his soul,
As if the inventor of so many ills
Could be the author of a shade of good.

Mathan. Of what complain you? do we tear your son
Young Zachariah, from your trembling arms?
Who is the other child so much beloved?
Your fond attachment makes me wonder too.
A treasure he so precious, and so rare,
Is he a great deliverer sent from Heaven?

Reflect!—for your refusal may confirm
A rumour which uncertain fame has spread,

Josa. What rumour?—

Mathan. That this child is nobly born,

And for some mighty project he is trained

By the high priest, your spouse.—

Josa. And Mathan too,—

By this report which stimulates his rage.

Mathan. Princess! 'tis yours this error to correct.

I, falsehood's most inveterate foe, do know

Great Josabeth would rather yield her life,

Than e'er so slightly injure sacred truth.

No trace can of this infant's birth be found ;

Profound oblivion all his lineage clouds ;

His parentage to you is quite unknown ;

Or from whose hands delivered to your lord.

Speak!—I will listen ready to believe :

Give glory, princess, to the God you serve.

Josa. Wretch ! it becomes you truly thus to name

The God your lips teach others to blaspheme !

How dare you thus His holy truth attest ?

You who preside on the envenomed throne,

Whence falsehood throws her deadly poison round—

You bred in treason, nourished in deceit !

SCENE V.—*Enter JEHOIADA.*

Jehoi. Where am I?—do I see the priest of Baal?
Daughter of David!—dost thou converse hold
With this apostate?—art not thou alarmed
Lest from the lowest deep, beneath his steps,
Avenging fire consume thee?—or these walls
On him in ruin falling crush thee too?
What wills he here; and under what pretence
Contaminates this air,—God's haughty foe?

Mathan. This violence bespeaks Jehoiada;
Yet greater prudence would become him well.
Let him respect the queen, and not offend
Him whom her royal edict deigns to send.

Jehoi. What unpropitious news does she announce
What dread decree by such a messenger?

Mathan. To Josabeth her will I have declared.

Jehoi. Away then, impious wretch! the measure
Of all thy horrid crimes—know, God prepares
Quickly to join thee to the perjured race,
Dathan, Ahithophel, Abiram, Doeg.—
The dogs that wicked Jezebel devoured,
Waiting the signal of His mighty wrath,
Press round thy portals howling for their prey.

Mathan. Ere this day close it shall be clearly seen
Which of us must.—But Nabal, follow me.

Nabal. Where are you wandering? this way lies
your path.

Why are your senses thus bewildered?—Come!

[*Exeunt Mathan and Nabal.*]

SCENE VI.

Josa. The dreadful storm in all its fury bursts;
The raging queen Eliakim demands.
His birth illustrious even now is known
To some, and Mathan doubtless could disclose
His royal sire, and all your great design.

Jehoi. Who has revealed him to the faithless priest?
I fear your trouble too apparent seemed.

Josa. I did my utmost to repress its force.
But yet believe me, danger gathers round.
Let us reserve this child for happier times;
And whilst the wicked on his fate consult,
Before they snatch him from our sheltering arms;
Let me again our precious charge conceal:
The gates, the ways are open still to him.
Must I to dreadful deserts bear the boy?
I brave the danger, and am quite prepared;

A path I know which leads to Cedron's brook,
This we might follow, and unheeded pass.
Then to the desert we might bend our steps,
Where David weeping, safety sought in flight
From his rebellious son—less should I fear
Each savage beast which haunts—but why refuse
The help of Jehu ? is my counsel good ?
Make him the keeper of the precious trust ;
This day we might with safety reach his realm ;
The way is short that to his palace leads.
Jehu has not a brutal flinty heart,
The name of David ever he respects.

Ah ! can a king so barbarous e'er exist,
Unless his mother were a Jezebel,
Whom such a suppliant would not move to aid ;
And is not his a common cause with kings ?

Jehoi. What timid counsels do you dare suggest ;
Could you on Jehu for support depend ?

Josa. Does God all foresight, and all care forbid ?
Too much self-confidence provokes his wrath ;
By human instruments he works His will.
Did he not arm Jehu's avenging hands ?

Jehoi. Chosen by God's inscrutable decree,
Jehu, on whom I see your hopes you found,

Has both forgetful and ungrateful proved ;
Has Ahab's wicked daughter left in peace ;
And like those faithless kings by God abhorred,
Preserved the temples of the idol brute
Worshipped by Egypt's much deluded sons.

He on high places dares to offer still
Incense detested by our father's God.
His heart not upright, and his hands not pure,
Such as to serve His cause, and crush His foes
Our mighty God requires.—No, no ! on Him,
The Lord alone, we must for aid depend.

Let us our youthful prince at once declare,
His brow with royal diadem adorned.
I seize the time before the appointed hour ;
Ere Mathan his dire projects can arrange.

SCENE VII.—*Enter AZARIAH, followed by the CHORUS,
and several LEVITES.*

Jehoi. Well ! Azariah, is the temple shut ?

Azariah. The entrances, my lord, are all secured.

Jehoi. You, and the holy band alone within ?

Azariah. Twice have I traversed all the sacred courts ;
Fled the intruders, never to return ;
A wretched band dispersed by sudden fear.

God's faithful worshippers alone are left.
Since from the sight of Egypt's hardened king
The people in tumultuous haste escaped,
An equal panic ne'er their souls has seized.

Jehoi. By nature cowards, and for slavery born,
Bold against God alone.—Hasten our work.
These virgins, wherefore do they linger still ?

One of the Chorus.

And could your faithful daughters leave their sire :
Or are we strangers in this holy place ?
Our fathers and our brothers here remain.

Another.

Ah ! if our timid hands no weapon wield,
Nor can we like heroic Jael pierce
The impious heads of great Jehovah's foes ;—
Our lives at least an offering meet may prove.
And whilst your arms His holy fane defend,
We can invoke Him with our tearful prayers.

Jehoi. Behold what combatants Thy cause support,
Wisdom Eternal !—priests and feeble girls ;—
Yet, with Thy mighty aid, invincible !
Thou, at Thy will, canst call us from the tomb,
'Tis Thine to afflict, to heal, destroy, and save.

Not for their own deserts they courage feel,
But in Thy name so often here invoked,
And in Thy promises to David pledged,
E'en in this temple where Thou deign'st to dwell,
And which long as the glorious sun should last.

But whence this holy trembling in my heart ?
The Spirit's powerful influence I attest ;
He warms my soul, He speaks, my sight He clears,
And distant ages open to my view.
Levites ! assist me with your harmony,
Second the holy transports of my soul.

The Chorus sings, accompanied with all the instruments.

Let Great Jehovah's voice be heard,
And let His oracle divine
Beam on our hearts with radiance pure ;
As on the tender grass in spring
The freshness of the morning's dawn.

Jehoi. List, Heaven ! to my voice, Earth ! lend thine ear ;
Say not, O Jacob ! that thy Saviour sleeps.
Hence, ye profane ! the God of Israel wakes !

The Symphony recommences, and JEHOIADA resumes.

Jehoi. How is pure gold changed into worthless lead !
What prophet in this sacred place is slain ?

Jerusalem !—perfidious city, weep,
 Weep for the blood of righteous prophets slain.
 Thee thy benignant God no longer loves ;
 Thy offerings in His holy sight defiled.

Whither those women ? and those helpless babes,
 O whither do ye lead their trembling steps ?
 The queen of cities, of her Lord bereft,
 To ruin falls—captive her faithful priests—
 Deposed her monarchs—God no longer wills
 That His true worshippers should serve Him here.

Fall, sacred temple ! cedars, shoot forth flames !
 Jerusalem ! dear object of my grief,
 What hand in one short hour has spoiled thy charms ?
 Who will my eyes to tearful fountains change
 Thy miseries to bewail ?

Azariah.

Oh, holy temple !

Josa. Oh, David !—

Chorus.

God of Sion ! Oh recall
 To bless her, Oh recall Thy Heavenly grace !

*The Symphony again commences, and JEHOIADA a moment
 after interrupts it.*

Jehoi. A new Jerusalem behold
 Rise from the desert brilliant and adorned ;
 Immortal splendour stamped upon her brow !

Rejoice, ye nations of the earth !
More beautiful, more charming she revives.
From whence arrive on every side
Strange children not the offspring of her womb ?
Lift up, Jerusalem, thy lofty head.
Behold those princes dazzled at thy light !
See mighty monarchs prostrate at thy feet,
Bow to the earth their lowly heads ;
And rival nations in thy lustre walk !
Happy the man who feels his fervent soul
With zeal for thee inflamed.

Ye Heavens ! shed around celestial dews,
And let the earth her Great Redeemer bear !
Josa. Alas ! from whence shall come this signal grace,
If kings from whom this Saviour must descend—

Jehoi.—The rich tiara, Josabeth, prepare,
Which on his sacred brow great David bore.
(*To the Levites.*) And you my footsteps follow to the
place

Where lie concealed, from eyes profane removed,
That formidable pile of spears and swords
In blood Philistine formerly embued ;
And offered here by David's conquering hand—
When full of years and honour—to the God

Who long had shielded him 'midst war's alarms.

Can they a nobler object ever claim ?

Come, let me share them 'mongst my valiant friend

[Exeunt Jehoiada, Azariah, and the Levites.]

SCENE VIII.—*Enter SALOMITH.*

(To the Chorus.)—My sisters! Oh what fears! \ndire alarms!

Are these the first-fruits? O Almighty God!

The holy incense, and the victims pure

Which to Thy altars should this day be brought?

One of the Chorus.

What do our timid eyes behold!

Who could have thought to see

Destructive swords and murderous lances gleam

E'en in this holy house of peace?

Another.

Ah! why by shameful indolence subdued,

Does not Jerusalem exert her strength?

Ah! why, my sisters, to protect his friends,

Does not brave Abner speak his noble mind?

Salom. Alas! my sister, in a wicked court

Which owns no law but power and strength,
Where gain and honours are obtained,
Of blood and base obedience the reward.
For sorrowing innocence oppressed
Who dares his patriot voice to raise ?

Another voice.

Amidst this peril and confusion dire,
Who shall be found the diadem to wear ?
Salom. The Lord has deigned to speak,—
But who the word mysterious shall explain,
Now by His prophet's lips revealed ?
Does He take arms for our defence,
Or to o'erwhelm us with His power ?

Chorus.

O threat ! O promise ! O mysterious gloom !
What woes, what evils are in turn declared !
Can so much wrath with so much love agree ?

A single voice.

Sion shall be no more—the cruel flames
Her glory shall destroy.

Another.

God protects Sion—her foundation sure
His everlasting word !

First voice.

E'en now I see her brilliance disappear !

Second voice.

On every side behold her splendour shine !

First voice.

Sion has sunk into a gulf profound !

Second voice.

Her lofty summit emulates the skies !

First voice.

What sad dejection !—

Second voice.

What immortal glory !

First voice.

What cries of grief !—

Second voice.

What songs of victory !

A third voice.

Let our vain doubts subside—in His own time

Our Lord the mighty mystery will unveil.

All.

Let us His awful wrath revere,

And His kind love inspire our hope.

Another voice.

What can disturb the sweet, the tranquil joy
The delightful calm *that* spirit feels
Which truly loves Thee, O benignant God !
Why will it ever seek, and not its own.

Can greater happiness be found
On earth, or e'en in Heaven above,
Than what the faithful heart enjoys,
Inspired with true confiding love ?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—JOASH, JOSABETH, ZACHARIAH, SALOMITH,
a LEVITE, and the CHORUS.

Salom. Beside my mother with majestic step
Eliakim with Zachariah comes.

What do they bear, my sisters, 'neath those veils,
And what the glittering sword before them borne?

Josa. (to Zachariah.) Respectfully, my son, deposit
here

The awful book of our most Holy Law ;
And, dear Eliakim, you also place
Beside the book, that diadem revered.

Levite ! the high priest orders to be laid
The sword of David near his sacred crown.

Joash. Princess ! why this unusual sight ; explain,
This holy book, this coronet, this sword ?
Since in His temple I have served the Lord,
Like preparation have I never seen.

Josa. My son!—the mystery will soon be cleared.

Joash. Why will you try the crown upon my brow?
Ah princess! cease its glory to profane—
Respect great David's memory.—Shall a child,
A hapless child to savage beasts exposed—?

Josa. (*trying the crown on him.*) My orders I obey—
submit, my son!

Joash. Why heaves your bosom with these heavy sighs?
Mother, you weep,—what pity moves your soul?
Am I this day a sacrifice prepared,
As formerly rash Jephtha's daughter bled?
And must my death the wrath of God appease?
What has a son a father cannot claim?

Josa. Him who declares the will of Heaven, behold!
He comes to cheer you.—Let us all depart.

[*Exeunt all but Joash.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter JEHOIADA.*

Joash (*rushing into his arms.*) My father!—

Jehoi. What, my son!—

Joash. Why all this pomp?

Jehoi. 'Tis right I now declare it, and that you
Before all others fully comprehend

For you and for his people God's designs.
With faith and courage hitherto unknown
Arm your young breast,—the ardour and the zeal
My care has deeply on your mind impressed—
Must now be shewn ;—Jehovah claims His due.
Feel you this great and generous desire?

Joash. If 'tis His will, I feel prepared to die.

Jehoi. The history of our kings you oft have heard.
Remember you, my son, how strictly laws
Must bind the favoured monarch who aspires
To govern worthily?—

Joash. The Lord Himself
Thus in His Holy Scripture has decreed :
Guided by Heavenly Wisdom, Israel's king
On gold and wealth depends not for support ;
The Lord his God he fears, and ever keeps
His laws, His precepts, and His judgments strict ;
Nor does he, with unjust oppressive yoke,
Weigh down his feeble brethren.—

Jehoi. But, my son,
If such his duty, which of Israel's kings
Would you select a model for your life?

Joash. David! with faithful, holy love inspired,
Conspicuous shines,—the greatest of our kings!

Jehoi. You would not then resemble in their deeds
Faithless Jehoram, impious Azariah?

Joash. Oh father!—

Jehoi. Quickly say how you esteem them.

Joash. May all their followers perish like themselves!

[Jehoiada falls at his feet.]

Why thus before me does my father fall?

Jehoi. Thus to my king I render homage due.

O Joash! strive henceforward to become

Worthy your grandsire David.—

Joash.

Joash!—I?

Jehoi. You soon shall know what signal grace deceived
The purpose of a furious mother's rage.

And, when her dagger pointed at your breast,
How grace preserved you 'mid the carnage dire :
E'en yet you are not sheltered from her rage.

With the same ardour which she then displayed,

The royal race completely to destroy,

Her cruelty inveterate seeks your life,

And, as Eliakim, pursues you still.

But I beneath your banners have arrayed

A loyal people ready to revenge.

Ye noble chiefs of holy families,
Who fill by turns the sacred office here,
Approach!—O king! your brave avengers see.

SCENE III.—*Enter AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, and three other*
CHIEFS OF THE LEVITES.

Jehoi. Behold, ye sacred priests, your promised king'

Azar. Eliakim?—

Ishm. That much-loved youth our king?

Jehoi. The rightful heir of Judah's royal line,
The hapless Ahaziah's youngest child,
Under this name brought up, as well ye know.
All Judah like yourselves the fate bewailed
Of this fair flower so soon untimely cropt,
And thought him in the common fate involved
Of his slain brothers;—nay, the cruel steel
Had e'en his pure blood tasted—but the Lord
From his young heart averted the fell blow,
Preserved the vital heat almost extinct,
And suffered Josabeth to snatch him thence,
Eluding all his murderers' vigilance.
Pressed to her heart the bleeding child she bore,
And I alone a witness to the deed,—
The infant and his nurse were here concealed.

Joash. For so much kindness and for so much love,
Alas! my father, how can I repay?

Jehoi. For times less urgent keep your gratitude.—

Ye servants of the Great, the Almighty God,
Behold your king!—your only hope behold!
Whom to preserve has hitherto been mine;
Now 'tis your duty to complete the work.
Soon will this daughter meet for Jezebel,
Inform'd that still he breathes the vital air,
Replunge him in the horrors of the tomb.
E'en now she longs to slay him, though unknown.

Ye holy priests! 'tis yours to quell her rage;
You must, the shameful bondage to destroy,
Revenge your princes slain,—renew your law,
And make the two remaining faithful tribes
With joint affection recognise their king.

Grand is the enterprize—with danger fraught,—
A haughty princess settled on her throne.
The numerous troops that 'neath her banner march,
Bold strangers with apostate Hebrews joined,—
I dare attack—confiding in my God,
Whose honour stimulates my ardent zeal—
My utmost energy!—Reflect, my friends,
See in this child the hope of Israel rests.
E'en now th' avenging God afflicts the queen.
'Spite of her care, e'en now I meet you here.
She deems us weak, defenceless, and unarmed.

Haste ! let us now proclaim and crown our king.
Then, fearless soldiers of our new-found prince,
With faithful invocations onward march ;
And wakening dormant zeal in sluggish hearts,
In her own palace seek our enemy !

And who so plunged in cowardly repose,
When he beholds the sacred train advance,
Will not rush on to join the holy band :—
A king whom God in His own temple rears ;—
Aaron's successor followed by his priests,
Leading the sons of Levi to the fight.
And in those hands the people all revere
The consecrated arms of David borne.
God on his foes His vengeance dire will hurl ;
Nor must we shrink at shedding blood to smite
The Tyrians, nor apostate Hebrews spare.

Are you not children of those patriot sires
Who, when their fickle countrymen adored
Th' Egyptian idol in the desert reared,
E'en in that blood by nature held most dear,
With holy homicides their hands embrued,
And consecrated thus their ardent souls ?
You by this noble sacrifice acquire
The privilege exclusive to attend

The altars of the Lord.—But well I see
E'en now the zeal which fires your ardent souls.

First then upon this holy volume swear
Before the king this day by Heaven bestowed
For him to live, to combat, and to die.

Azar. (at the table, with his hand on the Holy Book.)

Yes ! for our brethren and ourselves we swear
To place young Joash on his father's throne ;—
Not to lay down the weapons that we grasp,
Till full revenge be wreaked upon his foes.
If any faithless wretch this oath infringe,
Let him, Great God ! Thy avenging wrath endure ;
And let his offspring, of Thy grace deprived,
Be as the guilty dead by Thee disowned.

Jehoi. And do not you, O king ! this law to keep
Your rule inviolate for ever swear ?

Joash. How could I ever break its sacred ties ?

Jehoi. My son ! I dare still call you by that name,
Bear with my tenderness, forgive my tears,
Forced from my eyes by terrors, ah ! too just.
Remote from courts your childhood has been reared ;
You know not yet the foud, the poisonous charms
Which ever on the monarch's state attend.
Of power unlimited the dizzying whirl ;
Th' enchanting voice of fawning flatterers ;

They soon will tell you that the holiest laws
Rule the vile people,—but obey the king ;
That he has no restraint but his own will ;
And to his power supreme all things must yield.
That tears and labour are the people's lot,
Who must be governed with tyrannic sway,
And who if not oppressed become oppressors.

From snare to snare, from gulf to gulf led on,
Thus will they taint your pure and guileless soul ;
Till they persuade you lovely truth to hide,
Depicting virtue in a frightful form :
Ah ! they have led the wisest kings astray !

Swear on this book before these holy men,
That God shall always claim your first regard ;
That to the bad a terror you will prove,
A safe asylum to the good oppress ;
That God between the poor and you shall judge.
Remember, that concealed beneath this garb,
Like them you once were poor, like them forsaken.

Joash. (*his hand on the Book.*) What the law bids,

I promise to observe ;
If I forsake Thee, punish me, O Lord !

Jehoi. With holy oil my king I must anoint ;
And you, my Josabeth, may now appear.

SCENE IV.—*Enter JOSABETH, ZACHARIAH, SALOMITH, AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, three CHIEFS OF THE LEVITES, and the CHORUS.*

Josa. (*embracing Joash.*) O king!—O David's son!

Joash. My only mother!—

Come, Zachariah, to thy brother's arms.

Josa. (*to Zachariah.*) My son, pay due obeisance to your king.

[*Zachariah throws himself at the feet of Joash, who embraces him.*]

Jehoi. Thus may you ever be allied, my sons!

Josa. You know then to what race you owe your life.

Joash. Yes, and what murderous hand, but for your aid,

Would soon have snatched it from me.

Josa. May I now

Address you by your proper royal name?

Joash. As Joash, who will never cease to love you.

Chorus. This youth—?

Josa. 'Tis Joash.

Jehoi. Wait, the Levite comes.

SCENE V.—*Enter a LEVITE, in haste : he speaks.*

What scheme our faith assails I cannot say,
But threatening armour clashes all around.
Midst lofty standards fires are seen to gleam ;
Her army, doubtless, Athaliah forms.
Each way to succour is already closed.
The sacred mount crowned by the temple's height
Is by proud Tyrians hemmed on every side.
Blaspheming, one of them has just declared,
That unavailing is great Abner's zeal,
For prison-bars detain him from his friends.

Josa. (to Joash.) Dear child, restored to me by
Heaven in vain,

Alas ! my utmost I have done to save.
The Lord no longer cares for David's sons.

Jehoi. What ! fear you not His vengeance to draw
down

On you and this your king so much beloved ?
What if the Lord should snatch him from your arms
Irrevocably, and His will decree
That David's progeny should be extinct !
Are you not here upon the holy mount
Where the great father of the faithful laid

Without a murmur on his guiltless son
His hand, obedient to his Lord's behest ;
And of his hoary age this precious fruit
Placed on the funeral pile—in faith he left
To God His sacred promise to fulfil ;
Offering to Him in this his darling child,
The hope of all his race in him comprised.

My friends ! let us divide—let Ishmael guard
The eastern side—you to the northern speed—
You to the western—you the southern keep.
Let no one, whether priest or Levite named,
By zeal imprudent my designs disclose,
Nor hasten to rush forth before the time ;
Guard even until death th' appointed post.
Blinded by rage the enemy regards
This band as timid sheep for slaughter kept.
Let Azariah stand beside the king.
(*To Joash.*) Come ! cherished scion of a valiant race,
With unaccustomed boldness arm your friends.
Come ! in their sight the diadem assume ;
And if you fall—fall nobly like a king.
Follow him, Josabeth. (*To a Levite.*) Give me those arms.
(*To the Chorus.*) Children ! to God offer your guileless
tears.

SCENE VI.—*The CHORUS, SALOMITH.*

On, on ye sons of Aaron, march :
Never did more illustrious strife
Your great progenitors inflame.
On, on ye sons of Aaron, march ;
'Tis for your king—'tis for your God ye fight.

A single voice.

Sleep they, the dreadful bolts of death
Which Thou, O God, in anger hurl'st ?
Art Thou no more a jealous God,
Wreaking dire vengeance on Thy foes ?
O God of Jacob ! are Thy mercies gone ?
Amidst the horror which enthral's our souls,
Hear'st Thou the voice of our misdeeds alone ?
Art Thou no more the God who pardon'st sin ?

Chorus.

O God of Jacob ! are Thy mercies gone ?

A single voice.

At Thee the wicked dare to aim their shafts.
“ Now let us quell,” they impiously exclaim,
“ Throughout the earth Jehovah's festivals ;

" Deliver mortals from His grievous yoke ;
" Destroy His altars, massacre His saints.
" Let His great Name, His glory be forgot ;
" And let His Christ no longer o'er us reign."

Chorus.

Sleep they, the dreadful bolts of death
Which Thou, O God, in anger hurl'st ?
Art Thou no more a jealous God,
Wreaking dire vengeance on Thy foes ?

A single voice.

Sad remnant of a royal race,
Dear and last blossom of a beauteous stem !
Alas ! beneath a cruel mother's knife,
Must we again behold thee wounded fall ?
What tutelary angel, lovely prince,
From slaughter saved thee in thy infant days ?
Or did th' Almighty's voice revive thy dust
E'en from the gloomy silence of the grave ?

Another voice.

Almighty ! does Thy wisdom implicate
In the rebellious parents' sins the child ?
And is he quite forsaken by Thy love ?

Chorus.

O God of Jacob ! are Thy mercies gone ?
Art Thou no more the God who pardon'st sin ?

One of the Chorus.

Dear sisters ! hear you not the threatening sounds
Of Tyrian trumpets ?—

Salom.

Yes, the shouts I hear
Of barbarous soldiers ;—and with horror shrink.
With haste retire, and an asylum seek
Beneath the awful temple's sheltering shade.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—ZACHARIAH, SALOMITH, *the* CHORUS.

Salo. Dear Zachariah ! what do you announce ?

Zach. Redouble to the Lord your ardent prayers :
Perhaps e'en now our latest hour draws nigh.

The order for the dreadful fight is given.—

Salo. And what does Joash ?

Zach. He has just been crowned.

The holy oil has on his head been poured.

Heaven ! with what joy then sparkled every eye,

Seeing the king e'en from the tomb redeemed.

The scar left by the murderer's knife was shewn ;

The faithful nurse before their eyes appeared,

Who, in a corner of this structure hid,

Guarded her precious charge ;—and of her care

No witness had but our beloved mother,

Save the all-penetrating eyes of God.

With joy and tenderness our Levites wept,

Their sobs were mingled with their shouts of joy.

Amidst these transports noble Joash stood
With condescending mien, untouched by pride ;
Gave one his hand, looked kindly on another ;
Swore to be ruled by their sincere advice ;
And called them sires or brothers.

Salo.

Is the fame

Of this great secret through the city spread ?

Zach. No : to the temple walls 'tis still confined.

In troops distinct the sons of Levi stand,
Wrapt in deep silence at the temple gates.
At once they all must hastily rush on,
And as a signal cry—"Long live king Joash!"
Our sire forbids the king from danger's post,
And places Azariah for his guard.

With brandished dagger Athaliah laughs
At the frail rampart of our brazen gates ;
To burst them powerful engines she prepares,
And nought but blood and desolation breathes.
Sister, some priests at first proposal made
Down in a secret subterranean vault,
Dug by their hands—the holy ark to place.
„ O base unworthy fear!" exclaimed my sire ;—
„ That ark which lofty towers to earth has hurled,
„ And forced the refluent Jordan to obey,"

“ O’er heathen gods so oft triumphant,—now

“ Shall a proud woman force it to retreat ? ”

My mother agonized, beside the king

Silent, and sinking under heavy fears,

Would force the most obdurate hearts to weep ;

But still again the youthful king’s embrace

Soothes and caresses.—Sisters, follow me ;

And if to-day our much-loved king must fall,

Let us not shrink with him our fate to join.

Salo. What haughty hand knocks with redoubled
blows ?

Why do these trembling Levites hither haste ;

And why their weapons with such care conceal ?

Is then the temple forced ?

Zach.

Dispel your fears ;

God sends us Abner.

SCENE II.—*Enter* ABNER, JEHOIADA, JOSABETH,
ISHMAEL, two LEVITES, and the CHORUS.

Jehoi.

Faithful are my eyes !

Dear Abner ! how across the hostile camp

Were you enabled hither to arrive ?

That Ahab’s sacrilegious daughter had,

Her vile inhuman projects to assure,
With chains your generous hands confined, we heard.

Abner. My zeal and courage Athaliah feared ;
But greater punishment her rage decreed.
Deep in a dungeon by her orders bound,
I waited till the queen this temple's height
Had laid in ashes, and, with streams of blood
Unsated still, should come at last to end
My weary life ; and my sad days cut short,
The grief I suffer to survive my kings
Would then have ceased for ever.—

Jehoi. Whence arose
This act of pardon, by what marvel gained ?

Abner. God only knows the pangs her bosom feels.—
She sent for me, and with bewildered air
Exclaimed,—“ Thou seest the temple all enclosed ;—
“ Soon will devouring fire its walls consume ;
“ Nor can thy God defend it from my power.
“ Yet may His priests their lives redeem and save
“ On two conditions,—but with urgent haste.
“ The young Eliakim within my power,—
“ And all the secret hoarded treasures which
“ The mighty David formerly amassed,
“ And with the high priest under strictest pledge

“Of secrecy confided—let them place :—

“And tell them at this price they still may breathe.”

Jehoi. And what, brave Abner, does thy heart advise?

Abner. Give up the gold, if it indeed be true

That you of David's secret wealth possess ;

And all both rich and rare you may have saved

From Athaliah's avaricious hands.

Would you that fell assassins' hands impure

Destroy the altar ;—burn the Cherubim ;—

With their rash grasp our holy ark defile ;—

And with your blood the sacred shrine imbue ?

Jehoi. Yet, Abner, is it fit that generous hearts

To punishment should yield a hapless child,—

A child to me confided by my God ;

And with his life basely redeem our own ?

Abner. Alas! God sees my heart.—Oh! that His power
Might influence Athaliah to forget

This guiltless babe ;—and that her cruel heart

With Abner's blood contented—by my death

Would fain appease Heaven's wrath which wrings her
heart.

What can your fruitless cares for him effect ;

Though you all perish—is he thence secure ?

Does God impossibilities command ?

Moses, abandoned on the river's brink
A ruthless tyrant's edict to obey,
Doomed to destruction from his birth appeared :
But God preserv'd him e'en against all hope ;
A guardian of the haughty tyrant made,
A mother of his daughter.— Even thus
May your Eliakim be also saved :
Who knows for what his childhood is reserved,
Whether like destiny for him prepared ?

Perhaps e'en now th' obdurate faithless queen,
Murderess of monarchs—is with pity touch'd.
Your royal spouse with me can testify
At sight of Joash how the queen was moved,
How softened was the anger of her soul.
(*To Josabeth.*) Princess ! why silent in this danger ?—
speak.

What ! could you for a stranger child unknown,
Suffer Jehoiada your much loved spouse
To seek so vain a strife, in which yourself,
Your son, and all the people must be slain :
And hostile flames consume the only spot
Where the Almighty wills to be adored ?
Could you do more if of ancestral kings
This child indeed the precious relic were ?

Josa. (*aside.*) See his affection for the royal cause ;
Why speak you not ?

Jehoi. The time is not mature.

Abner. Time is more urgent than your thoughts,
my lord.

While here you hesitate to answer me,
Mathan inflamed with rage stands by the queen,
And eager for the carnage, asks the sign.

Must I before your knees a suppliant fall ?
E'en by that holiest place, the awful shrine
Open to none of Israel's sons but you,
Where rests the sacred Majesty of God ;
However strict the law which binds your soul ;
Let us ward off the unexpected blow.

Give me at least a little time to breathe ;
To-morrow—nay, this night I will contrive
To guard the temple, and revenge its wrongs.
I see my tears are vain, my useless words
Are feeble efforts your firm mind to shake ;
Your rigid virtue cannot feel their force.
Provide me then a sword, a lance, a spear,
That at the temple's gates 'midst threatening foes
Abner in honourable fight may fall.

Jehoi. I yield,—your counsel freely I embrace :

Let us, brave Abner, ward off every woe.
'Tis true, a precious treasure is concealed
Derived from David—to my faithful charge
This gem was trusted—of the sorrowing Jews
The last, the only hope :—my watchful care
Has hitherto concealed it from the light.
But since I must disclose it to the queen,
She shall be satisfied. Our gates unbarred,
Let her attended by her bravest chiefs
Enter the temple ;—but at distance hold
The rage misguided of the stranger crowd
From our most holy altars—and forbear
The horrid plunder of the sacred fane.
Can priests and children her suspicions raise ?
With her appoint the number of her guard.

As to this feared, this much-suspected child,
Abner, I know the justice of your heart ;
His birth to you before her I'll disclose :
This known—yourself between them shall be judge
If to her power the child we ought to yield.

Abner. E'en now, my lord, I take him to my car
Fear nothing. To the queen my steps I speed.

[*Exit Ab*

SCENE III.

Jehoi. Almighty God ! Thine hour of vengeance comes ;

Hither the victim bends her guilty steps.

Ishmael ! attend.— [*He whispers to Ishmael.*]

Josa. O Power Omnipotent !

Before the eyes of Athaliah cast

Again the veil which dimmed her sight when once

This tender victim to my bosom clung.

Jehoi. Good Ishmael, go without the least delay ;

Follow precisely these important rules ;

Be careful that tranquillity profound

Both at her entrance and her progress reign.

Children ! for Joash straight a throne prepare ;

Let him advance before our sacred troops ;

And let his faithful nurse be hither led.

(*To Josabeth.*) O Princess ! stanch the fountain of your tears.

(*To a Levite.*) Soon as the queen, her heart with pride inflamed,

The threshold of the temple's door has passed,

Retreat to render hopeless ;—instant cause

A moment let this friendly veil conceal.

(*To Josabeth.*) Why tremble, Josabeth ?

Josa. Oh ! can I see
Without alarm this place with murderers filled ?
That numerous phalanx do you not behold ?

Jehoi. I see the sacred temple's portals closed :
All is secure.

SCENE V.—*Enter ATHALIAH, ABNER, and Attendants.*

Atha. Seducer ! have I found thee ?
Of plots and treasons author most malign ;
Who in commotion placest all thy hope ;
Of highest dignities inveterate foe.
Depending on the succour of thy God,
Hast thou abandoned now thy futile hope ?
Thy life, His temple, in my power He leaves.
E'en on the altar where thy traitorous hand—
I ought—but I am satisfied to claim
The ransom offered ;—let it be produced ;
The child,—the treasure,—these I must possess ;
Where are they ?—

Jehoi. Soon shalt thou be satisfied ;

Both in one moment straight shalt thou behold ;
With wonder.

[*A curtain is drawn aside. JOASH is seen seated on his throne, his nurse kneeling on his right hand ; on his left AZARIAH, standing with a drawn sword ; near him ZACHARIAH, and SALOMITH, kneeling on the steps of the throne. On either side many LEVITES, with drawn swords.*

Jehoi. Shew thyself, O child beloved,
Worthy descendant of our royal race !
(*To Athaliah.*) Dost thou not recognise the rightful heir
Of our most holy monarch ?—seest thou not,
O queen ! the scars thy murderous dagger left ?
Thy king, thy grandson, Ahaziah's son !
Abner and Israelites !—acknowledge Joash !

Abner. Amazement !—

Atha. Traitor !—

Jehoi. Dost thou not behold
This faithful Jewess at whose breast he hung.
Josabeth snatched him from thy murderous rage ;
Here was he sheltered, here by God preserved.
Behold of David's treasure the remains !

Atha. Rebel ! thy theft is fatal to the child.
From a vile spectre, soldiers, shield your queen !

Jehoi. Troops of the living God! defend your king!

[*Armed Levites rush in on all sides.*]

Atha. Where am I? Treason! O unhappy queen,
Surrounded every where by foes and arms!

Jehoi. In vain thou seekest, thou canst not escape :
God has entangled thee on every side.

Th' Almighty, whom thy impious fury braved,
Here yields thee to our hands ;—to Him account
For all the guiltless blood which thou hast shed.

Atha. What! are my worthless slaves all chilled with
fear?

Base Abner! hast thou led me to this snare?

Abner. God is my witness, queen.—

Atha. Wretch! leave thy God,
Revenge thy queen!

Abner. On whom,—my master, Joash?

Atha. He Joash! He thy king? Ah! miscreants, think
That by my arms you still are held in siege.
Tremble, ye rebels!—succour is at hand!

SCENE VI.—*Enter* ISHMAEL.

Ishm. My lord, the temple from its foes is free,
The Gentile bands retreat—the Jews submit;

Th' Almighty's voice has driven back His foes,
E'en as the wind the hovering smoke dispels.

Our Levites from the sacred temple's height
The son of Ahaziah have proclaimed ;
Told of his childhood sheltered from the sword,
And Ahab's daughter's falling in the snare.

The trumpet has the joyful tidings spread.
The sounds and shouting in the camp have caused
Such sudden panic, terror, and alarm,
As Gideon on haughty Midian poured.
The Tyrians, throwing down their arms and shields,
By various ways the wild retreat began.
Some Jews bewildered also sped their flight ;
But wondering at the power miraculous
Displayed for Joash—with united shouts
The rest their lawful sovereign have proclaimed.

In fine, the people by one spirit fired,
Embrace each other ;—women, old men, youths
Th' Almighty bless, and Joash whom He sends.
All celebrate great David's son revived.
Baal is hated in the holy courts ;
Broken the portals of his idol fane ;
And slain base Mathan, the apostate priest.

Atha. God of the Jews ! thou triumphest.—I see

This child indeed is Joash!—Ah! in vain
The dreadful certainty I strive to hide
E'en from myself:—too well I recognise
The wound inflicted by my dagger's point.
I see the gait, the bearing of his sire;—
All prove him sprung from the detested race.
David now triumphs—Ahab only falls.
Unpitied God!—Thy power directs the whole;
Thou who my ardent vengeance to appease,
Oft hast confounded my much-wavering will;
Now for the child exciting keen remorse,
And now with treasures dazzling mine eyes;—
Treasures I feared to yield to flame and spoil.

Let then this child, Thy care, Thy darling, reign,
And let him in my bosom plunge his sword,
To signalize his empire newly gained.
This is his dying mother's latest wish;—
What do I say?—her wish.—I hope, I trust,
Thy yoke refusing, wearied with Thy law,
Faithful to Ahab's blood from me infused,—
The hated heir of David will be seen
To soil Thy honours, desecrate Thy shrine.—
For Athaliah, Ahab, Jezebel,
Wreak ample vengeance on Thy worshippers.
[*Athaliah quits the temple, followed by the Levites.*]

Jehoi. E'en at the instant that her feet o'erpass
The temple's bounds—that so its sanctity
May not by bloody homicide be stained—
Go, ye avengers of your murdered kings,
And by this impious woman's death appease
The blood which yet for expiation cries.

Should any dare her quarrel to espouse,
Unpitied let him suffer equal fate.

SCENE VII.

Joash. O God ! who seest my trouble and my grief,
Deign from my head her curses to avert,
And make them harmless ;—rather take my life,
Than suffer me Thy goodness to forget.

Jehoi. (*To the Levites.*) Summon the people—let
them see their king ;
And their allegiance at his throne renew.

Monarch ! Priests ! People ! full of gratitude,—
Let us confirm to Jacob's God our faith ;
Bewailing piously our wanderings past,
And with our earnest and repeated vows
Engage to walk in His most holy law.

Abner ! beside the king your place resume.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter a LEVITE.*

Jehoi. (*To the Levite.*) Has the audacious tyrant
met her doom?

The Levite. The sword has justly punished her foul
deeds.

Jerusalem who long has felt her rage,
Relieved at length from her oppressive yoke,
With joy beholds her weltering in her blood.

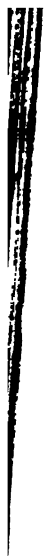
Jehoi. By this dread end due to her monstrous crimes,
O king of Israel! on thy heart imprint,—

■ *That monarchs* have in Heaven a judge severe,
■ *Of innocence* the sure protector found,
■ *Of the poor orphan* the benignant sire.

SELECTIONS FROM A POEM

ENTITLED

ST. PAUL.



ST. PAUL.

INDIFFERENCE.

" And Gallio cared for none of those things."—*Acts xviii. 17.*

INDIFFERENCE ! how fatal to the cause
Of true religion is thy baneful sway !
When once thy deadening power affects the mind,
The best affections of the heart are chilled ;
The generous sympathy ; the fervent wish ;
The lively hope ; the warm confiding faith ;—
All shrink appalled at thy benumbing touch,
Like tender buds at winter's chilling blast.

But how shall my weak pen in language fit
Describe the wonders of Almighty Power ;
And paint in colours glowing with delight
What man assisted by his God can do ?

Oh ! for a portion of that ardent fire ;—
That energetic, manly eloquence
Which filled the holy breast of him I sing !
When 'midst blaspheming Jews and Infidels,
He boldly pleaded in the cause of truth ;
To haughty Felix spoke conviction strong ;
And made him tremble on his judgment-seat.

GRATITUDE.

“And he trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?”—*Acts ix. 6.*

O LOVE divine! mysterious miracle !
To snatch the sinner from destruction's brink,
And raise him to the highest pitch of glory !
“ Who can express the noble acts of God,
“ Or show forth all His praise ?”

Oh ! may our souls
With gratitude and love be ever filled,
And strive to render to His gracious name,
With all the power of our feeble minds,
Praise and thanksgiving, and obey His will !
Though slow, imperfect the returns we give,
Yet He has promised to accept the same,
And through our blest Redeemer's merits grant
Mercy and pardon to our wayward hearts.

And oh ! may Heavenly favour shed on mine
Its all-enlivening ray, dispel the shades
Of ignorance ; and if my wandering soul
In dangerous error takes its headlong way,
Arrest it in its course, and gently lead
Into the paths of pleasantness and peace.

E'en in this faint attempt to sing Thy praise,
And celebrate Thy faithful servant's deeds ;
If too presumptuous is the thought, great God !
I humbly pray to be denied the power.
Thou know'st I would not willingly offend.
But if permitted to pursue my task,
Oh ! may Thy Holy Spirit cleanse my heart
From thoughts impure, and pour into my soul
Conceptions worthy of this glorious theme.

FALSE SECURITY.

" Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."—1 Cor. x. 12.

WHERE is the man who can with safety say,—
" I stand secure ; my victory's complete ?"
When the next heedless step the boaster falls.
Did not our God's Almighty arm support,
None could attain the conqueror's reward.

CONSCIENCE.

"Go thy way for this time ; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."—*Acts xxiv. 25.*

How dreadful is the state of that man's soul
Who 'gainst conviction madly shuts his ear ;
Hardens his heart with aggravated crimes ;
Refuses to obey the charmer's voice,
Though Heavenly Wisdom sweetens every note ;
But with accelerated speed sins on,
Heaping up wrath against the day of wrath ;
Till left by God, devils possess his soul,
And his last state is aggravated woe.

From such an end, Almighty Power ! protect me ;
Let quick repentance follow every sin,—
For sins must wait on frail humanity.
And as my soul in Thee doth ever trust,
Oh ! foster it with Thy paternal care.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

"That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him: the eyes of your understanding being enlightened."—*Eph. i. 17, 18.*

How poor, how mean all human knowledge seems
Compared with Heavenly Wisdom!—Let Thy fear,
All-gracious Lord, be in my humble heart
Invariably fixed, and make me wise
To know Thy will, and prompt to execute.

Once the famed king of Israel's chosen son
For wisdom prayed, nor was his suit denied :
Reject not then Thy lowly suppliant's prayer,
For Thou, O God ! hast no respect of persons.
In Heavenly Wisdom let me still increase ;
But in the ways of wickedness and vice
Let happy ignorance obscure my mind :
Too much have I involuntary learnt ;
But Thou canst check th' infecting poison's course,

Physician of the soul ! and kindly heal
The deadly wounds by sin and Satan made.

Then may I stand in a corrupting world
With God's whole armour clad : upon my head
Salvation's helmet ever firmly fixed
Shall mock the efforts of assaulting foes :
Conscious Integrity shall guard my breast,
And laugh to scorn Adversity and Shame ;
Whilst Faith's impenetrable shield shall quench
The fiery darts of Infidelity.

DIVINE OMNISCIENCE.

"All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."—*Heb. iv. 13.*

WHAT an excitement 'tis to persevere
In deeds of charity and christian love,
When we reflect that God is ever nigh,
With gracious eye beholds each kind intent,
And with His mighty hand assists the deed.

So doth His piercing sight alike observe
Our deeds of evil source ; and searches deep
Into the inmost soul, *there* marks the spring
Of all our acts,—the half-permitted thought,
Which, scarce conceived, the trembling soul draws back,
And blushes to have cherished for a moment :
The envy rising at another's good ;
The peevish discontent ; the kindling spark

Of needless wrath ; the quick-felt slight vexation ;
The secret impulse of impure desire ;
The covetous idea ; the proud contempt
Which poverty or envied wealth provokes :
And all transgressions secret and unnamed
To which we every moment are exposed,
Are clear as daylight to His piercing eye.

CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

“ Be kindly affectioned one to another—in honour preferring one another.”—*Rom. xii. 10.*

THE Christian meekly suffers many wrongs
From his offending brother ;—envy's sting
Finds not a shelter in his humble breast.
With proud opinion of his own perfection,
He vaunteth not himself with impious pride ;
In his behaviour modest, unassuming,
Seeks not by violence his just demands ;
Much less encroaches on his neighbour's rights ;
Is not to anger easily provoked.
Conscious how just his own intentions are,
He harbours no suspicion of another ;
Rejoices not in deeds of artful fraud,
Which at a friend's expense increase his store :
But all his joys are from the truth derived.

He bears with patience all the taunts and scorn
Which truth brings on from a deceitful world ;
Believeth all that Heaven vouchsafes to teach,
Nor vainly cavils at its dread decrees ;
But ever cherishes a hope that all
Shall ultimately tend to lasting good.

That hope shall never fail, but lead the way
To heavenly mansions of eternal peace.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

"And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is Charity."—1 Cor. xiii. 14.

How noble is that heavenly principle
Of fellow-feeling for another's woe,
Which teaches men to imitate the love
Of the celestial choir, who ever tune
Their hearts, inspired by love, its praise to sing!
How pleasing an employ! If e'er my soul
Was tempted to indulge a secret wish
That riches in abundance might be mine,
'Twas for this purpose—that I might employ
These gifts of bounteous Heaven in deeds of love,
Such as the Giver might well-pleased behold.

To wipe the tear from sorrow's faded cheek,
And paint it with the flush of gratitude :

To draw forth modest merit from the shade,
And show it in its native lustre bright ;
To foster genius, and to loose the bonds
Which soul-depressing poverty has tied :
These are employments worthy of a man !

TRUTH.

"In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth,
the gospel of your salvation."—*Eph.* i. 13.

How oft in this deceitful world is truth
Refused admission to the wayward heart,
Though life and light attend upon her steps !

Oh ! may the charming—the celestial guest
Ready admission ever gain to mine,
And there be cherished as its chiefest good !

And Thou, Great God of truth, inspire my soul
With courage to defend what most I love,
Spite of the temporary worldly ills
Which firm adherence to her cause may bring.
Let me hold fast for ever Heavenly Truth ;
For when the trembling soul shall hover round
This earthly tenement, still loth to leave,
Where can the hypocrite for succour look ?

Oh ! catch the fleeting moments as they pass ;—
The next may shroud thee in eternal night !

DISCORD.

*"And the contention was so sharp between them that they departed
asunder one from the other."—Act xv. 39.*

How soon amongst the firmest advocates
Of our most holy faith Discord crept in !

Infernal fiend ! what mischief dost thou bring
On wretched mortals who thy power obey !
How many noble plans have been confounded
By thy destructive sway ! Thou bring'st to nought
The statesman's wisest schemes ; the ardent fire
Which animates the hero's lofty soul,
Damped by thy breath, in vain attempts to blaze.

Oh ! may my native land be ne'er subdued
By thy infernal power ! no other foe
Can hope to shake it, placed by gracious Heaven
In situation outwardly secure.

But thou, a secret undermining foe,
Canst lie concealed, and work thy fell designs ;
Till, ripe for execution, they burst forth,
Spreading o'er all the self-devoted land
Their wide-extending, desolating power.

Oh ! how would earth resemble heaven, did men
Strive only who should best obey His will !
How pleasing, how delightful is the thought !
Let fancy paint the soul-enlivening scene,
Each man a brother, each a faithful friend.

See, base Suspicion, wrapt in clouds, retires,
And Truth in full meridian lustre shines :
The din of battle is for ever hushed ;
Celestial peace fills each rejoicing heart ;
Murder, Theft, Fraud, and all their grisly train,
At once for ever seek their native hell.

TEMPTATION.

" There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man : " &c.
1 Cor. x. 13.

O BLEST emancipation ! freedom, hail !
What slavery so sad as Satan's thrall :
When, by a long submission to its power,
The wretched soul is driven, step by step,
Down to the dismal den of dark Despair,
Oft wishing to draw back, but still urged on ;
Shuddering with horror at the hideous gulf,
Yet plunging desperate in the fell abyss !

When first seduced fair Virtue's bounds to pass,
She only meant to pluck a few sweet flowers,
Which bloomed upon the borders of her realm,
To taste their fragrance, and again return ;
Unconscious of the thorn which lurked beneath,
In deadly poison dipped, whose rancorous wound

Spread quick its dire infection. This to cure,
New sweets are offered by the artful foe,
Which give the anguish temporary ease ;
But more destructive in their dread effects,
Increase the malady they seem to cure,
Till the whole soul, corrupted and diseased,—
Habitually vicious,—sinks to death.

THE GOSPEL PREACHED TO THE HEATHEN.

"Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—*Acts xvi. 9.*

O HAPPY land, by Heaven supremely blest !
The darkness which involves thy Pagan sons
Shall shortly be dispelled, and Heavenly Truth
Beam on their souls beneficently bright.

When shall its 'rays their happy influence shed
On all the peopled earth? How blest the time
When all acknowledge One Almighty King ;
To one Supreme all bend the willing knee
With grateful adoration, and exalt
In universal praise His glorious Name !

But how miraculous a change must first
Be wrought amongst the nations of the earth !
Israel's mistaken sons, now scattered wide,
Yet in each nation wondrously distinct,

Once more established in their promised land,
Their crucified Messiah must confess.
Their royal minstrel prophesied His power,
Hymning His praise in strains melodious :
His happy sons, then joyfully restored,
Shall join their songs to celebrate His praise.

Th' untutored Indian, whose rude mind feels
Some secret instinct of Almighty Power,
Equal in knowledge to the most refined,
Shall rapturously join the grateful choir.

Happy event! which gives to all the world
Supreme felicity!—her numerous sons
Freely partaking Heaven's all-bounteous gifts.

How blest an era! safely may we pray
For the conclusion of this great event,
And by our Saviour graciously instructed,
Say with sincerity, " Thy Kingdom come !"

UNCERTAINTY OF THE FUTURE.

"The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God."—1 Cor. ii. 11.

WHAT though mists,
Impenetrably thick, now cloud the scene ;
They hang in mercy round : for, could we see
The various dangers, trials, sorrows, fears,
Which in our future progress may assail ;
Anticipations of continual woe ;
Meeting the danger which we cannot shun ;—
How should we shrink from trial so severe !
But whilst uncertainty attends our lot,
Cherubic hope, sweet soother of the mind,
Brightens our darkest views, and cheers our souls
With bliss in expectation. Though it fail,
And disappointment chill the enlivening thought,
Present pleasure ever waits on hope ;

Which nought but the fell demon, black Despair,
Can e'er destroy.—His malice to avert,
See bright Religion ever ready stands ;
She points the way where certainty attends,
And whispers comfort in the deepest woe.

FRIENDSHIP.

“ Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.”—*Rom. xii. 15.*

WHILE fair prosperity illumines our path,
Numerous pretended friends and counsellors
Bask in the sunshine with deceitful smiles ;
But when the winter of distress draws nigh,
They sink like summer-insects at the blast.

Give me the friend, who, like the evergreen,
Retains his first appearance, though the storm
Beat with tremendous fury on his head ;
And through the dreary winter cheers the eye,
With spring in expectation. Thus the plant
That clings so closely to the sturdy oak,
Quits not its fond attachment e'en in death,
But still embraces its once thriving friend.

VIRTUOUS PLEASURES.

" Rejoice evermore."—1 *Thess.* v. 16.

PLEASURES from virtuous deeds will ever rise,
Which prompt to the performance of our duty.
How heavenly when that duty is combined
With our chief happiness!—It always is!

FAITH.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—Heb. x.

BUT Reason must to leading truths assent.
These are most plain when undisguised by art.
Faith so established, founded on a rock,
Resists impregnably its foes' attacks.
Such was the Patriarchs' famed in sacred writ :
Enoch—exempt from death's all-conquering power ;
Noah—preserved by special miracle ;
Abraham—severely tried, yet still unshaken ;
Moses—vicegerent of the Great Jehovah ;
David—more frail, yet still preeminent,
Tried in adversity, though humble, firm :
In prosperous season grateful to his God.
Such faith, too, warmed the ardent mind of Paul ;
And such the holy martyrs' breasts inspired,
And taught them direst torments to despise.
Though flames destroyed their bodies, still unharmed,
And undismayed their happy souls arose
Triumphant to receive their great reward.

TRUST IN GOD.

"We trust in the living God."—1 Tim. iv. 10.

BUT what too difficult for man to do,
When in his God he faithfully confides ?
That sure foundation nought can e'er destroy.
Though heaven and earth decay, His word remains
Secure against the rudest shocks of time.

But when proud man attempts to build his hopes
On finite things, how slight the building stands !
Should he with bold presumption seek to climb
Above this sublunary orb, and strive
To catch a glimpse of the celestial world,
How all-imperfect is his clouded view !

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.

Rejoice in the Lord alway : and again I say, Rejoice.—*Phil. iv. 4.*

No !—active is the Christian's daily life ;
 His faith displays itself in deeds of love ;
 Ready to help the friendless and distrest ;
 And thus he serves his merciful Redeemer
 Far more effectually than sighing forth
 His cold phlegmatic soul mid convent's gloom,
 His frame afflicting with unnatural pain,
 Refusing sweets kind Nature spreads around
 With frank unsparing hand. These to enjoy,
 And to the Giver render grateful thanks,
 Cannot be sinful :—but with gloomy souls
 To spurn the gift, and think it merits praise
 To fly the joys which innocence permits,
 Can ne'er be pleasing to the Power who grants.

As if He tempted us with treacherous gifts,
And laid a snare to catch unwary souls.

Impious idea ! His bounties all are free !

Have we not Reason's and Religion's aid
To choose true pleasures ? none e'er grossly sinned,
But Conscience gently whispered him, Beware !

Oh ! let us listen to her friendly voice ;
Our grateful souls may then enjoy their fill
Of sterling pleasures, such as she approves.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

" Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in y
1 Cor. iii. 16.

AMAZING condescension! The Great God,
In whom appears profound humility
E'en to behold the things in heaven and earth,
Yet deigns to send His Holy Spirit down,
Making our bodies temples of His love ;
Oh ! how unfit for such a visitant !

It is that pure ethereal spark of life,
Which all possess, and none can comprehend,
O'er which His heavenly influence presides.
And though His gifts miraculous have ceased,
The way of life being now made plain before us,
He yet vouchsafes to guide our wandering souls,
And bring them back to happiness and peace.

But here let wild imagination pause,
And curiosity be timely checked :
The ways of God are far above our reach ;
This truth without perplexity we know—
That He is merciful, and we are frail.

POEMS.

1



POEMS.

HOPE.

DESCEND from Heaven, celestial guest,
Sweet Hope, with radiant eye !
And to thy votary's anxious breast
Thy lenient balm apply.

When doubting fears my soul dismay,
And future ills appear
All ranged in terrible array,
Do thou my bosom cheer.

Display, to chase despair and spleen,
Thy mirror's cheerful view ;
'Twill beautify each passing scene,
And all my joys renew.

Teach me to look on blessings past,
And strike my murmurs dumb ;
Assured, whilst Providence shall last,
Of blessings still to come.

How cheerful in life's blooming years
The unsuspecting youth' !
To him each face, each soul appears
All innocence and truth.

Led on by thee, his guiltless heart
Partakes with pure delight
Each fleeting joy ;—devoid of art,
Each scene to him how bright !

Ye Moralists ! whose wiser care
Checks youth's impetuous fire ;
Oh ! while you caution, still beware,
Nor too much gloom inspire.

Then plant not in his youthful breast
Suspicion's rankling dart ;
Nor sour his prospects, now so blest,
With fear of future smart.

Though with ills various he must cope,
 Though thousands daily fall,
Hush not the whisper of sweet hope ;
 He may escape them all.

Delightful Hope ! thy cheering ray
 Dispels the dungeon's gloom,
And makes the captive's tedious day
 A lively hue assume.

Thy power no mortal e'er can quell,
 Or check thy daring flight ;
The proudest tyrant knows full well,
 He cannot crush thee quite.

Though frightened from this vale of tears,
 Hope ever upward springs,
Catching the drooping soul, and bears
 It heavenward on her wings.

Should cares intrude, should fraud oppress,
 Still let her power increase ;
Lighten those cares, those wrongs redress,
 And soothe my mind to peace.

Thus ever through life's varied scene
My kind companion prove ;
Inspire my soul with thoughts serene,
And all my fears remove.

And when the solemn hour shall come
By guilt so justly feared,
Let HOPE attend me to the tomb
With kindness unimpaired.

Then may my soul in realms above,
Where pleasures never cloy,
Exchange sweet hope for peace and love,
And everlasting joy !

SUNSET.—(IMPROMPTU.)

'Tis gone, and neither wealth nor power
A substitute for one short hour
Can for its glories find ;
But with to-morrow's earliest dawn,
Again its rays shall gild the lawn ;
So wills th' Eternal Mind !

PARAPHRASE OF PART OF THE THIRD CHAPTER
OF PROVERBS.

How blest the man whom Wisdom's stores supply,
Celestial guide to happiness on high !
Columbia's wealth, and India's richest mine
With her compared, faint and unheeded shine.
Not all that warmest fancy can inspire
The youthful mind to cherish or desire,
Is worth a thought when beauteous Wisdom's ray
Points out the path to Heaven's unclouded day.

At her approach hate, strife, and discord cease,
And all her paths are pleasantness and peace.
The universe itself, so wide displayed,
By Wisdom's help the Great Creator made ;
By her preserved the beauteous fabric moves,
And as at first Almighty Wisdom proves.

Seize then, my son ! with youth's most eager fire,
This greatest good, most worthy thy desire.
So shall thy ways be happy and secure,
Prepared t' enjoy, and if required, t' endure.
Thy slumbers sweet which this kind friend supplies,
Healthy, serene, and cheerful shalt thou rise.

HYMN.

God of mercy ! God of love !

Benignant hear Thy creatures' prayer ;
Bend from Thy heavenly throne above,
And all our faults in mercy spare.

God of knowledge unconfined !

Deep searching through the guilty heart ;
How dare we, ignorant and blind,
To Thee our humble suit impart ?

Mild Mercy beams her heavenly ray

Refulgent through the gloom descried ;
She guides our faith, and points the way
To where the incarnate Saviour died.

Here, mortals, here your terrors cease,
No longer by despair opprest ;
The Lord of Life, the Prince of Peace,
Gives to the weary sufferers rest.

HYMN.

FATHER of eternal grace !
Glorify Thyself in me ;
Mildly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.

Happy only in Thy love,
Poor, unfriended, and unknown ;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.

Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will,—Thy will be done !
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son.

Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod ;
Die with Jesus on the cross ;
Rise with Him to Thee my God !

This, and the preceding Hymn, were written for the use of the
Old Chapel, at Tunbridge Wells.

A TRANSLATION FROM RACINE.

WHEN soothing sleep, consoling human woes,
Holds noise and labour in its gentle chain;
We, ever-glorious Lord! shake off repose
To praise Thee while the shades of night remain.

Let our first-waking thoughts Thee homage pay;
To seek Thy favour, our glad souls ascend;
Be Thine our earliest vows; and let the day,
With Thee begun, Thy holy worship end.

The sun, whose radiance gloomy night dispels,
Soon with his wonted brilliance shall arise;
Foes to our souls, who glide where darkness dwells,
Retire, when morn's sweet blush adorns the skies.

Thee we implore, O Lord ! Thy goodness cheers
And guards our souls ; cleanse Thou each guilty stain.
We feebly praise Thee in this vale of tears ;
Grant us in Heaven to raise a nobler strain.

ON THE BATTLE OF BORROSA.

Addressed to * * * Mother of * * * of the 95th Regiment,
whose conduct was highly praised by General * * *.

Is there a joy unstained, unmingled given,
Or only mixed with gratitude to Heaven ?
Is there a pride so noble, that the blaze
Which fires the heart is caught from virtue's rays ?
'Tis when the mother hails her warlike son
From the red field by conquering valour won ;
'Tis when the mother hears the voice of Fame
Shout and reverberate her hero's name.

Oft has the bliss through that fond bosom past,
Yet is each triumph dearer than the last ;
Dearer for anxious days, for nightly tears,
For all the pangs she knows, and all the fears.

From one pure spring these tender feelings part ;
Spring of celestial love—the mother's heart !

Thrice happy thou, such transports to have proved !
Thrice happy son, by such a mother loved !
Whose hope aspiring lulls her fear to rest,
The bravest spirit in the gentlest breast ;
Who, mildly wise, each virtuous precept caught,
And gave the bright example which she taught.

Blessing and blest, oh ! long may you remain !
Heaven shield the hero on the battle plain !
For this, each lovely sister heaves a sigh ;
This dews the brother's and the father's eye ;
The beauteous wife this one great mercy seeks ;
These the first words the lisping infant speaks ;
And this—oh ! none that tender fear can share,—
This the fond mother's earliest, latest prayer :—
Heaven shield the hero on the battle plain,
And blest and blessing long may you remain !

THE FLOWERS.

FULL of my theme, with doubting feet,
I sought the Muses' bower ;
Half hoping, half afraid to meet
Some kind inspiring power.
When, quick along the rising gale,
The queen, fair Fancy, past,
And through her rainbow-tinged veil,
A smile benignant cast.
Then pointing to a secret glade,
" Come, see," she cried, " the train,
" Who own, in this sequestered shade,
" My visionary reign ;"
Proud to obey the glad command,
I took with silent awe my stand.
Meantime, in many a varied vest
Of mystic texture aptly drest,

Ideal myriads seemed to move
Promiscuous through the cultured grove ;
And each, as inborn impulse led,
From every flower-embroidered bed,
Some certain plant, whose blossoms rose
Significantly pleasing, chose.

Retiring from the public eye,
The maiden, meek Humility,
Was seen to cast, with mildest grace,
To heaven her thoughts, to earth her face ;
And all unconscious what fair fame
Merit like her's might well assume,
Preferred to every juster claim
The gentle Daisy's simple bloom.

Heedless of the scorner's joke,
Smiling at the ruffian's stroke,
Persevering Patience stood
Conquering evil still with good :
Binding, meet t' adorn her brow,
Artless wreaths that humbly grow ;
Hardy flowers, whose vigorous shoot
Springs beneath the trampler's foot.

The coquette Affectation tripped wantonly by ;
On her breast a Narcissus she bore ;
As if, with Narcissus of yore,
For a form like her own she could languish and die.

Superstition came telling her steps and her beads,
Like the chief of the May-game hung over with weed
A chaplet of Monkshood she wove for her head,
And Rosemary sprigs from the grave of the dead.

Pure Constancy, whose hallowed fires
Time dignifies, and truth inspires,
Approved the faithful Marigold,
Whose leaves their saffron hue unfold
When first the Sun begins his reign ;
Hail his glad progress through the day ;
Close gradual with his parting ray ;
Nor open till he shines again.

Hand in hand, for they never asunder are seen,
All cheerful their features, all easy their mien,
Contentment and Innocence tripped it along :
By the delicate Snowdrop was Innocence known ;

Contentment took Heartsease and called it her own ;
Nor envied the gay nor the great in the throng.

The throng—just hint to wild conceit like mine ;
Why, what a wreath had I begun to twine !
Indulgent as she was, methinks I hear
E'en Fancy's self now whisper in my ear,—
“ Quit ere 'tis tedious, quit the flowery road,
“ Nor what was meant a nosegay, make a load.”

FROM SOME LINES WRITTEN ON JOINING A
YEOMANRY CORPS.

SHALL what our ancestors so nobly won,
By us their sons be cowardly o'erthrown ?
Perish the thought ! no, let the intruders feel
We still can emulate their noble zeal.
The generous ardour which each bosom fires,
Proves that the sons are worthy of the sires. .

How strong the contest ! we may safely trust
Heaven will defend a cause so strictly just ;
And in that cause if some are doomed to bleed,
The best rewards await the glorious deed.

Should any here be destined to complain
Of husband, lover, father, brother slain ;
Let this reflection hush the rising sigh,
And check the tear that trembles in her eye.

EXTRACT FROM A DRAMA,

Entitled Edward III, or The Siege of Calais, and performed by
the Author's Scholars.

EUSTACE.

LONG have my country's woes my bosom pained ;
And patriotic zeal my heart engrossed,
Precluding pleasure's soft alluring strain,
And all the gentle blandishments of love.
I stand alone ; a sturdy withered trunk,
Meet for the vengeance of the ruthless storm ;
Here let it light upon my aged head.
Unmourned by wife or children I shall fall ;
My country's tears upon my grave shall flow,
Watering the laurel that shall o'er it wave,
And bloom perennial honours !—I will go.

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